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THE NEW YORK

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BLOOD UPON THE MOON

AN ENRAGED BALLET GIRL FALLS FOUL OF A PICKLE LOVER AND USES HIM UP PRETTY BADLY, TO THE DELIGHT OF HER FRIENDS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, January 17, 1885.

13

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A FLATTERING RETROSPECT.

Now that we are on the threshold of the new year, and that 1885 has replaced for permanency upon our head-line the exhausted figures which marked the preceding twelvemonth, it is only natural for us to look back, with a certain self-congratulation, on the field of our past endeavor. For even the calm, serene dignity of the POLICE GAZETTE can be disturbed now and then by the human instincts of a gratified pride.

The retrospect cannot help being a very gratifying one. The fifty-two issues which were the precursors of this are our record. It is the ill-fortune of other professions and other institutions that their progress is like that of the man who walks along the seashore within reach of the wash of the tide, or who makes his brief and fleeting footprints in the snow. The utterances of the lawyer and the clergyman are committed to the treacherous air which, in an instant, wafts them beyond even memory. The actor plays his affected part to an audience which forgets the character he impersonates in one short hour.

But the great, strong, striding, progressing newspaper stamps its history and its feats in adamant. What it does becomes as permanent and as indestructible as the records of the rocks which, in their aggregate, make geology.

The POLICE GAZETTE has been run by Richard K. Fox during the past year on the same course as that which it has held in all the years of its existence. It has been steadfastly regarded as the strenuous friend and champion of all manly and honorable sports. It has, on the other hand, bowed with the deference of conscious strength, not only to the law of the land, but to such interpretations of that law as have been temporarily presented to it by persons of legitimate authority.

Through the POLICE GAZETTE Mr. Fox has stimulated liberally and judiciously the various wholesome diversions in which Americans care to engage. He has offered, in the past year, for example, larger and more valuable prizes to promote rowing than all the other patrons of American sport put together.

To the men who, by personal appearance and professional employment, give prominence to fair and lawful and manly boxing, Mr. Fox, through the POLICE GAZETTE, has tendered the handsomest champion belt ever got up in any part of the civilized world to commemorate human prowess.

The illustrations which have appeared in this great newspaper during the year are so vastly superior in quality and so much more abundant in quantity than those given by any other weekly in the world in the same period that comparison and contrast become simply ridiculous. The portrait department, alone, of the POLICE GAZETTE during 1884 has been equivalent in actual cost as well as artistic worth to those of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's* combined.

Not one event of national importance has escaped the skillful pencil of our artists and the nimble burin of our engravers. The silly, uninformed, Puritanic dolt who, on hearsay evidence, believes that our wood-cuts only depict crimes and criminals would be surprised to discover that the only accurate pictorial chronicle of our American national life is the POLICE GAZETTE.

Last, but not least, it becomes us to recall the sturdy and resolute front which Mr. Fox personally, as well as in the POLICE GAZETTE, has during the year opposed to the false and unfounded pretensions of the cranks and imbeciles who would govern adult humanity by the rules of the nursery. Thanks, for example, to his strenuous efforts, the legal status of the

sparring match has been so exactly defined in a court of law that, hereafter, there can be no question of it wherever the ruling of the Supreme Court of New York is of absolute and constructive avail.

But why go beyond the returns to justify our claim? The POLICE GAZETTE of 1884, rich with new departments, the ripe fruit of experience and the consummate flower of intelligent enterprise and liberality, speaks eloquently enough, in words of promise, for the POLICE GAZETTE of 1885. The field is our own by right of conquest in the past. We mean to hold it by sheer strength and merit in the future.

THE curse of Ham—a cheap editorial lunch.

If the thermometer had hands the joyful and thrifty plumber would shake with it

THE poor people of this country will have no New Year holiday this year, because the 1st of January is in jail.

CHICAGO citizens have concluded that ballot-box stuffers must go to the penitentiary, and have organized to that end.

MME. HUGUES will have to go on her trial alone. Monsieur was sipping *eau sucre* at his cafe when Madame formed her resolve.

PRINCE BISMARCK might find rest and peace by visiting the hog-killing palaces of Chicago, and studying the national four-legged dude in his native lair.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR will go out of the White House with a deep, dark secret in his bosom. No man knows who sews on Mr. Arthur's suspender buttons.

AND now no less a person than the august Empress Eugenie is gravely accused of having sold bogus emeralds. Where will this swindling mania stop?

THE proposition to cut down Mr. Beecher's salary because he supported Cleveland is too contemptible. This is a country of free speech and must remain so.

SOME more Congressmen have been injured in a railroad smash-up. It is becoming a noticeable fact that there are always some Congressmen in a railroad smash-up.

THE Coreans have a pleasant way of slaughtering two sets of Ministers at a time. A regiment of them might find steady employment in Washington about March.

THE Vanderbilts are said to have dropped \$50,000,000 in Wall street. There are some people in the country who would feel quite poor after the loss of such an amount.

SOMEBODY has started a wild and phantasmal story that J. Wilkes Booth is serving on the staff of El Mahdi. There are evidently a good many fools still lying around loose.

THERE are no Prohibitionists in Russia. The man who does not daily with the flowing bowl is looked upon as a suspicious character, and is sent to Siberia on general principles.

EX-SECRETARY ROBESON thinks the newspapers are totally depraved and "vicious from instinct." So Dorsey and Belknap think. Great minds run in the same channel.

A SWISS jeweler has invented a clock which needs winding but once in five years, but that isn't what the world wants this time of year. Give us a coal-stove that will shake itself.

THE latest information from the royal family is to the effect that the Queen loves buckwheat cakes. If she had a little American sausage gravy to pour over them she would go crazy.

IT is proposed to establish on Murray Hill a hospital for ladies and gentlemen who have been injured in fashionable pastimes—alleged fox-hunting, steeplechasing, etc., and "so forth."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has written two poems for a New York paper. George can give Lord Tennyson points when it comes to the wild and incoherent things, even if he is only an ordinary citizen.

MR. BEECHER has got pluck and independence, whatever else may be said of him. He doesn't consider that the men who contribute to his support as a minister have a right to control his conduct as a citizen. And he is right.

A HARLEM youth recently made the remark in a prayer-meeting that he had skated right out of the kingdom of Heaven, and the GAZETTE advises him to practice in a barn until he is able to skate back again. Why not let him skate to the other place while he is on his exploring tour, so that he may the better appreciate the former when he gets back?

THE JEWEL CONSISTENCY.

It has long been the fashion to hold the POLICE GAZETTE responsible for the social conditions which it portrays. From Maine to California this brisk, bustling, vivacious newspaper of ours has every week to encounter the bitter and malignant opposition of a lot of noisy and stupid idiots who never look in its pages, and who are as ignorant of its real character and intentions as they are of the Talmud or the differential calculus. These fanatics proclaim without ceasing that the GAZETTE is a very immoral and wicked publication, whereas, in fact, there is no newspaper issued for family circulation so carefully edited.

The subjects which we illustrate are found always in the morning newspapers, and there is no subject ever represented by one of our blocks which does not owe every detail of its being made public to the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, the *World* and the *Sun*. All that we do is to reproduce, by means of the pencil of our artist, the scenes and circumstances minutely described in print by our morning contemporaries.

We infer, therefore, that while it may be enterprise to picture certain events in type, it is a crime to concisely engrave them on a block of boxwood. One of the principal arguments made against the POLICE GAZETTE by its enemies is that it suggests to the mind of youth, through its eyes, the most degrading and horrifying ideas of wickedness. We were once ordered, in fact, to kill a block on the ground that the scene it illustrated—a picturesue conflict between dock-rats and Harbor police—was of a kind to fill young boys with a knowledge of and a sympathy with immorality that should be absolutely strange to them.

In the Eden Musee of this city, a very admirable and praiseworthy institution, which is justly popular as a domestic and juvenile resort, there are life-sized and life-like representations of criminals, and crimes of blood and violence. Last week, to its Chamber of Horrors, in which public executions of the most harrowing kind are illustrated with startling fidelity in every detail, was added a series of groups showing the development of a malefactor from his first crime to his mounting the gallows. It is not a mere colorless wood-cut. It is a statuary so true to life that one recoils with horror from the mimic murder, and almost hears with a shudder the despairing moan of the culprit as the hangman pinions him.

Consistency is a good deal of a jewel—perhaps, like all other jewels, it requires a gold setting to do it justice.

A WASHINGTON publishing firm is extensively advertising a book entitled, "How to Get a Public Office." The book costs seventy-five cents. The GAZETTE can tell its readers how to get public office, and the advice costs nothing. Stand in with a Democratic Congressman and stand in solid.

THE Star, alluding to illustrated journalism, very neatly and correctly remarks:

For truthfulness of likenesses the *Police Gazette* has the reputation of being among the best, as shown by its "Eootlight Favorites," which are recognized by the leading professionals everywhere as the very best. But that is a distinct art.

SULLIVAN REFUTES A SLANDER.

The alleged report that John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, had made a cowardly attack on a waiter-girl at Yeaton's oyster saloon in Boston, on Dec. 29, published in the numerous papers, has been proved to be false. Sullivan arrived in this city Dec. 31, with Dan Murphy and Col. Tom Delay, of Boston, and put up at the Coleman House, where his manager, Patrick F. Sheedy, is staying.

Sullivan was surprised to read the numerous dispatches from Boston which stated that he had assaulted and beat a waiter-girl. He lost no time in sending Patrick F. Sheedy, Dan Murphy and Col. Tom Delay to the POLICE GAZETTE office with the following denial for Richard K. Fox to publish:

COLEMAN, HOUSE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1884.

To Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—I was surprised on arriving in New York to read in the morning papers that I had been made the hero of a series of brutal outrages in my native city. The reports state that I beat a waiter-girl in an oyster saloon, and that I had deserted my wife and child and had left Boston early yesterday. There is no truth in the reports. I never insulted or inflicted bodily injury to a woman in my life and never will. In regard to leaving my wife and child, I stamp the report as a base and malicious fabrication and only circulated by enemies of mine to injure my reputation with the public. The report originated from the fact that while out sleighing, one of the runners became caught in the groove of the car track and I was thrown out and the horses dragged me for one hundred yards. I held on to the horses and received no damage, which proves I was not intoxicated. I joined Councilman Tom Denny, Dan Murphy and Col. Tom Delay in Yeaton's saloon, and in a friendly way tapped the waiter-girl with the wet driving-gloves. We sat down, had oysters and Bass' ale, and left the place on the best of terms. I should have left for New York yesterday, but decided to remain over to witness the Criterion Club boxing matches. I left for New York on the 10:30 train, after bidding my wife and child, whom I love and respect, good-bye. Truth is always greater than fiction. Yours truly,

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



The collar which encircles Billy McCoy's good-natured face has full justice done to it in our portrait overhead. William is doing wonders at his new hostelry, and still continues to make money, friends and mixed drinks as a genial boniface.

Young William Engemann, a chip of the old block, is about to establish a breeding-stud in Virginia.

Sergeant Bates, the flag-carrier, is stated to be in ill health and destitute circumstances in Sabrook, Ill.

Fred. Archer talks of buying a farm in the Blue Grass region, with a view to establishing a thoroughbred nursery.

Harry Bemis, the sporting Chicago brewer, has settled his suit against John S. Clark and Charles W. Perkins very satisfactorily.

Arthur Hunter, the cross-country gentleman rider, has bought half a dozen thoroughbreds of Jim Keene, who is closing out his stable.

J. Ford Evans, who for many years was prominently identified with professional baseball in Cleveland, Ohio, died recently of heart disease.

Ed. Stokes is having a good many changes made in the machinery of the Fra Diavolo, and says she will fairly fly when she gets into the water next spring.

A. H. Robinson, alias "Doodle," the bicyclist in whom the Springfield Club have an abiding interest represented by a \$500 medal, has left England for the Panama Canal.

Jim Burns, a Rochester boxer, and Andre Christol, French wrestler, had a row in Buffalo, N. Y., recently, the former knocking Christol down and kicking him until he was senseless.

George Littlewood, upon his return to Sheffield, Eng., from London, Dec. 1, was welcomed by over 15,000 people, and was escorted by two brass bands from the railway station to his home.

Rev. Dennis J. Sullivan, a graduate of Holycross College, Worcester, who was well known in baseball circles as catcher of the old Lowell Club, was ordained as a priest at the Troy Seminary, Dec. 20.

James E. Gilbert, the well-known actor, has quit the dramatic profession and opened a room in Jacksonville, Fla., which he has decorated with lithographs of the leading histrionic stars in their masterpieces.

F. T. Walton contemplates making St. Louis, Mo., his future home, and is stated in a dispatch to have made an offer of \$350,000 for the Lindell Hotel. Whether offer, it was thought, would be accepted, although the owner demands \$30,000 more.

Tom Dale, the swift bowler and heavy batsman of the Peninsular Cricket Club of Detroit, has turned his attention to baseball pitching and batting, and he is anxious to have the Detroit Club give him a chance to pitch and bat in their club team.

Courtney desires to see New Orleans and to take in the Delta. He has notified the powers that be of his intention to take part in next May's regatta of the St. John Rowing Club, and the powers that be have informed him that they will not object if other oarsmen do not.

William Emmett is going to inaugurate a series of hippodrome races at the Chicago Driving Course next season, he having leased the track and grounds for two years. He will make some extensive changes in the premises, and give races at night by electric light.

A. J. Cassatt has given notice of his intention of retiring from the turl. August Belmont is already practically retired and Pierre Lorillard is reducing the size of his racing stable. A reaction against making betting the absorbing feature of the race-course is said to be the cause of this action.

Gabe Case, on Dec. 18, celebrated the opening snowstorm of the season in this vicinity by setting up the customary two bottles of "fizz," to be claimed by the first horseman to arrive at his hostelry on Jerome avenue in a sleigh. John J. Quinn and Charles Kremer had a hard race for the Harlem bottle, the former getting there first by a length, while the first arrival from below Fifty-ninth street was Chas. E. Hubbard. As there was no sleighing next day, however, which is one of the conditions imposed by shrewd Gabriel, the bottles were not cracked, and the game is yet open.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Various Kinds and Sorts of American Theatrical Manager, with Minor Prattle of the "Profesh."

The number of unintelligent, idiotic, stupid and irrational persons who, at various times and pretexts, go into the business of theatrical management, is enough to make the superintendent of every well-regulated lunatic asylum melancholy with envy. It really looks as if every adult American at one period or another were seized with a mad, unreasonable desire to "manage" something.

After all, the ambition is not altogether an unnatural one. To the simple outsider who knows nothing about the theatrical business, and who has no idea of its dark mysteries, its hidden woes and its smothered troubles, the lot of the average theatrical manager must indeed seem to be a happy one.

According to popular belief, the modern American manager is a well-born, highly-educated and luxurious person who goes into "management" very much as other men go into painting or sculpture or music. He is "of the finest in the land," as the phrase goes, and lives a life of the most elegant ease, not to say splendor. In the daytime he lounges at his club or drives his dog-cart through the park, or dines at the Hoff-



The solid local manager.

man, or otherwise crushes the tedious rose-leaves of a sybarite existence. That is all he has to do till night-fall—except, perchance, to attend a rehearsal now and then, and with taste and skill and refinement, execute his mission of popular instruction and entertainment.

But it is at nightfall that the ideal manager bursts into the full blaze of his magnificence. Attired in the most immaculate linen and the glossiest broadcloth, a fascinating and glittering structure of diamonds, mustache, patent-leather shoes and smile, he basks in the gaslit glories of his theatre like some rare and precious tropical bird sunning itself in the glare of an Asiatic noon. Women bestow languishing glances on him. Men envy him and pay him courtesy. Even the proud and supercilious bartender waits upon him with deference.

That is the ideal manager!

Unluckily, he hardly exists, as a fact, and if you go hunting him up you will most likely come to such dire disappointment that you will be disgusted and curse your waste of energy.

There are managers and managers in real life. Some represent the highest and most admirable social



The ex-gambler manager.

types, while others represent elements and characteristics which constitute, as a rule, the essence of crime and lawlessness.

Take, for example, "the solid local manager." In

pompous appearance and stupidity he compares very favorably with any bank president or large contractor you may happen to think of. He is portly and imposing, and, if you judge him by the Lord Burleigh standard, knows it all right down to the roots. He looks and swears and gets into a passion just like one



The gentleman manager.

of the "heavy fathers" of ancient comedy—although he has never been upon the stage, and knows as much about its inner subtleties as a deck-hand does of the intricate machinery of the steamboat aboard which he serves. This type of manager hates deadheads, lacks both discretion and courage, damns the newspapers, trembles every time he spends a dollar, commits blunder after blunder and visibly swells with importance and conceit if anything he is connected with achieves the slightest success. He never gives anybody but himself the least credit for enterprise or smartness, and fondly harbors the hallucination that Nature is shaken to her center every time he underlines a new play or books a new company.

This kind of person is always called "a manager of the good old school," and is loved and respected accordingly.

There is still another variety of manager. He begins



The actor-author manager.

life, Heaven only knows how. He goes through experiences which, in after years, haunt him like the memory of a crime. He is, by turns, a horse jockey, a gambler, a confidence operator, a pickpocket, a professional runner, a "capper" for game and the proprietor of a dance-house, thus, by degrees, becoming a duly qualified person to enter the lists of theatrical management. He has about as little knowledge of and sympathy with the dramatic art as he can possibly get along with. He takes a gambler's chance, puts up every dollar he can raise or borrow on speculations which have but one possible outcome—rare failure—and leaves company after company in the lurch with the phlegmatic indifference which only comes of incessant antagonism to the tiger in its lair.

The gambler-manager, in turn, gives place to one of a very different kind. If that generous, warm-hearted gentleman, Mr. A. M. Palmer, will forgive us for using him as a personal illustration, he of all men best represents this class. A thoughtless and superficial person would call them "swell" managers. But they are not "swells," for your "swell" is a stupid, over-dressed toad-eating sort of chap, who caters to his social superiors and deliquesces almost as much in being patronized as in patronizing. The "gentleman manager" hits off this species far more accurately. Take him, as

a rule, he is an educated, well-bred man, who has gone into the theatrical Slough of Despond rather late in life, and whose intentions, as the phrase goes, are strictly honorable. He is, often enough, scholarly and delicate in his tastes, with *saints*, honest theories, all the more earnest for his want of experience. This kind of manager never deals in "combinations" or stars until the first bloom of his innocent theatrical youth has been rubbed off. He runs a stock company theatre, on business principles, 'tis true, but, at the same time, in a highly intellectual and refined manner. He believes altogether in foreign plays, and, with a good deal of reason, never gives the much vaunted, but nearly always incompetent, American dramatist a chance.

The actor-manager, on the other hand, is usually a concealed, good-looking, and thoroughly uneducated "masher," who doesn't exactly live on the interest of what he owes, but who puts company after company on the road without any more tangible capital than his monstrous opulence of cheek. The actor-manager is often an author as well, and writes plays of the most execrable type—plays so bad that he has to be a manager himself to insure their production. He overdresses his parts, pays a great deal more attention to his mustache than he does to his grammar, and is firmly self-satisfied that he is, take him all in all, the most accomplished, best-looking and most popular young man of the present century.

More amusing than the egotism and self-sufficiency of the actor-manager is the utterer Westernness of the Western manager. This kind of wild fowl is very seldom encountered east of Chicago. He only knows of New York and Boston and Philadelphia as he does of ancient Rome or distant Teheran—by hearsay. Dearborn street, in Chicago, is the ultimate boundary of his personal ambition, and he tangles with gratified

vastly inferior to the lowliest peddler on the tramp. But once definitely recognized as a member of the profession, he never lets go his hold on it. The Sheeney manager usually works for a salary and confines his own enterprise to small speculations in diamonds or doubtful games of poker on railroad cars. He is so proud of his crush hat and dress suit that he wears them at every possible opportunity. In fact, early in his career, he may be seen breakfasting in his swallow-tail with a glorious independence of all rules of propriety and good taste. He comes out *devises*, handing them out in payment of services, if they were checks for so much cash. He *devises* in newspaper offices, but his *devises* are *sheeney*. Sheeney and his matchless effrontery lead him to where other more honest and decent men miserably.

There is, as much difference between managers and managers as there is between potato-salad and *pale de sole grise*.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Frieda Carlisle has stopped starring.

Bonnie Blue is now sixty-two years old.

Hector's New York engagement is "a treat."

Miss Etta Bartlett is singing in dime museums.

Aimee will act *Cyprienne* in "Divorcons" in English.

Lew Spencer is playing in variety halls in the West.

Harrison & Hart's theatre will be rebuilt on the old site.

Bernhardt and "Theodora" gloriously triumph in Paris.

The "Bottle of Ink" Company are in bad shape financially.

Frank Sanger purchased diamonds for Christmas presents.

Sydney Cowell is to have a new play by Fred. Marsden, they say.

Hi Henry, the minstrel manager, wears \$10,000 worth of diamonds.

Billy Birch, the minstrel, is going to try burnt cork again "for luck."

John McCullough grows better every day, now that people let him alone.

Actors will soon be obliged to act for their board if business don't pick up.

A fifty-dollar house is now looked upon as big on the Pennsylvania circuit.

Fanny Beane and Charles Gilday's new play, "Collars and Cuffs," is a go.

The last was the fifty-fifth week of the "Orpheus and Eurydice" Company.

Manager J. M. Hill treats his company as if they were members of his family.

Frederica Paulding is doing quite nicely as one of the support of Margaret Mathers.

Tony Denier, of pantomime fame, now distributes handkerchiefs instead of dodgers.

Jacques Kruger has again made a tremendous hit as the photographer in "Dreams."

Grace Hawthorne weighs but 90 pounds. She has made a hit in "Camille," all the same.

St. George Hussey has purchased a brownstone front in New York. The lucky Hussey!

Hugh Fay still remains at Colorado Springs keeping up his pluck, but fast getting no better.

Harry Miner has got the Morosini now and will make a fortune out of her before he finishes.

One scene of "We, Us & Co.," W. A. Meyer's new play, is produced in a revolving hotel.

If business don't improve our people will have to do without amusements in the near future.

Harrison & Gourlay's recent week's engagement in New York netted them the sum of \$8,000.

John Stetson is still ill. John will have to alter his habits of life in order to enjoy perfect health.

Len Grover has to play something—if the something is only a small part in "The Private Secretary."

Business is something fearful in the provinces, and starving actors are as common as frozen crows.

Clayburgh is still doing immensely well with the "Creole." Even the cold weather out West doesn't seem to affect his health.

Miss Fortescue, the little fiancee of Lord Gumboyle, is positively coming over next month probably as a rival to the present.

Dave Wambold is rapidly recovering his health. He's been weak so long that he won't know what to do when he gets it.

Harry Miner's "Swing" company is one of the few that are making money on the road. This Miner seems to strike it rich every time.

Lotta Crisp is finally married at last—to a blooming British named Branson. She says, accordingly, that she's a master of fact, she isn't thirty yet.

Rhea's "Ariadna" turns out to be the old chestnut, "Nos En Villageois," by Sardou, produced at Wallack's under the title of "A Dangerous Game."

Mrs. Eugene Wetherill isn't playing this year to anything like remunerative business. Mr. Emma Abbott is consequently disgusted and disgruntled.

It is generally conceded, as a sober afterthought, that Henry Guy Carleton's "Victor Durand" is a frost. Steve Fluke, who is usually right, says so—and so must it be.

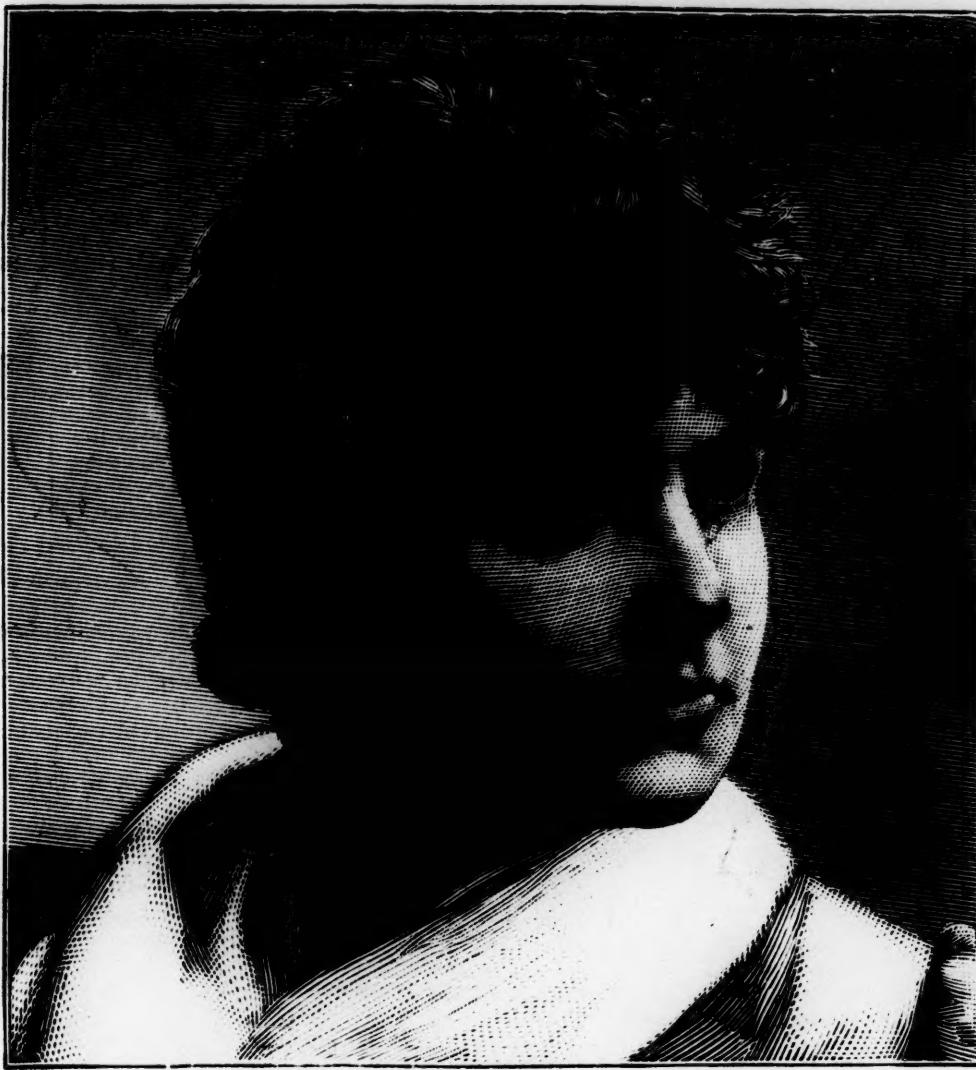
It is an agreeable surprise to learn that Elsie Moore has quit acting for the present. Nobody ever saw her act, but the quitting is very pleasant conduct in one so young.

Beware of imitators. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best and only reliable sporting and sensational illustrated paper in America. All subscriptions and letters should be addressed to the proprietor, Richard K. Fox, Franklin square, New York.



The Sheeney manager.

long odds, most offensive of all managers is the "Sheeney" manager, who equally disgusts Christians and Hebrews by the vulgar arrogance of his bearing. Intellectually and socially the "Sheeney" manager is



ANNIE BALDWIN,
MRS. AGNES BOOTH'S CLEVER UNDERSTUDY IN "THE WAGES OF SIN."
[Photo by Falk.]

Rudolph Aronson.

Although one of the youngest, Mr. Rudolph Aronson is one of the most successful of New York managers. By his indomitable energy he has, in the Casino, erected one of the handsomest places of amusement in the world, and upon its stage have been presented some brilliant representations of comic opera. Mr. Aronson is not alone a successful manager, but

is also a musician of high qualities. He has composed some exquisite dance music, which has attained great popularity, and is one of the rising men in the profession.

A MANAGER, of Elizabeth, N. J., determined to have a full house, sent by mail 500 free admission tickets. Only 200 people came. He says: "Had I sent carriages it is doubtful if the attendance would have been much larger."



RUDOLPH ARONSON,
THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL MUSICIAN AND MANAGER.
[Photo by Falk.]

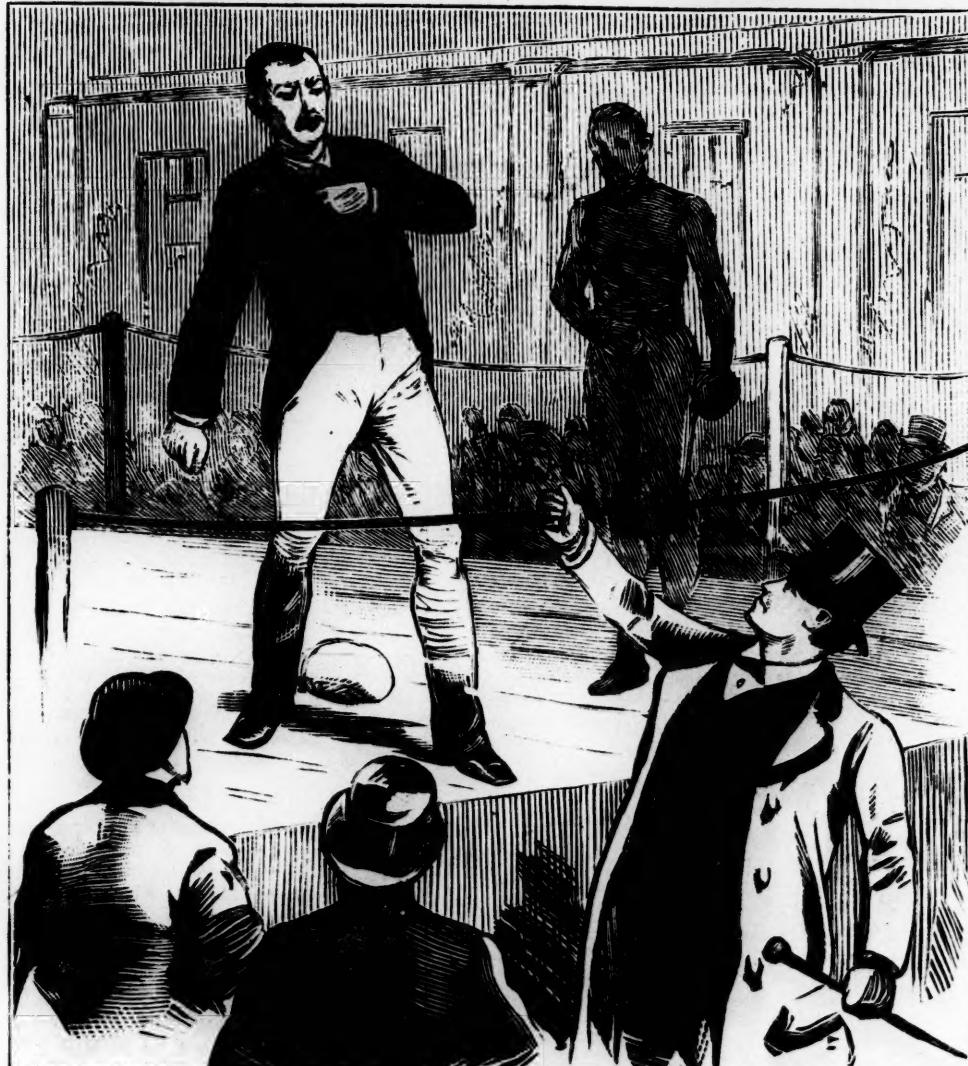


PERILS OF THE ELEVATED ROADS.

THE HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE FROM DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY CRUSHED BY A TRAIN ON THE ELEVATED.



GEORGE E. WINGATE. FRANK MINOR.



JAFLIN CALLED A COWARD.
MR. JOHNNY STACK INDULGES IN SOME INSULTING REMARKS OF A PERSONAL CHARACTER
TO THE PROFESSOR.



DR. MARY WALKER'S VISIT.

THE EMINENT WOMAN'S RIGHTS ADVOCATE CALLS ON PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND AND CREATES A DECIDED SENSATION.

Dr. Mary Walker's Visit.

There was quite a flutter of excitement in the Capitol at Albany on the day after Christmas when Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, attired in trousers and high hat, called upon Gov. Cleveland. Word was sent to her that the Governor was engaged, very much engaged, but, seizing a favorable opportunity, she slipped into the ex-

ecutive chamber, only to find herself too late. At the first warning of the descent of the strong-minded woman upon his retreat, the Governor precipitately retired. He felt that urgent business required his presence in an inner private room, and his papers were left for a clerk to gather up and bring to him. Dr. Mary sat down, crossed her legs just like a man and prepared to wait. She said she had been turned

out of a Washington clerkship because she was a Democrat, and wanted Cleveland to know that she worked for his election. She had simply called to pay her respects to him, and incidentally wanted to say a word about his selection of a wife.

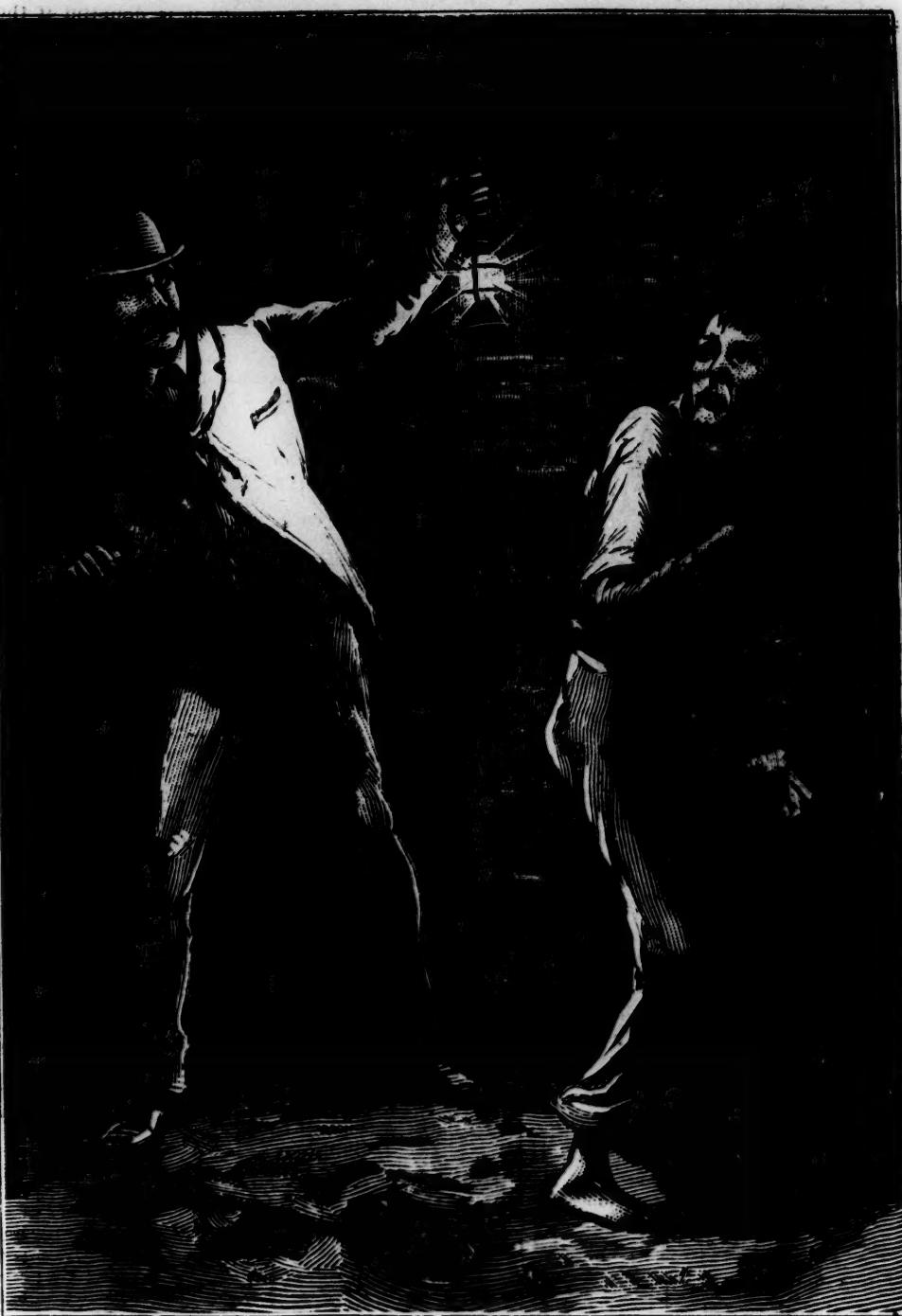
"Anyhow," continued the trousers-clad lady, "I hope he will select a sensible wife; not one of those silly, soft ladies who love fashion more

than sense. Now," glancing at her reflection in the tall mirror, "what the President-elect wants is a nice, strong-minded wife; one that will be a credit to the White House."

"Do you propose—?"

"Oh, no," she quickly interrupted, "I simply called to pay my respects."

Then Mr. Earle, the executive clerk, came in, and in his suave way enticed the lady out.



A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

THE APPALLING CALAMITY THAT BEFELL THE SHIP ALERT AND RESULTED IN HER TOTAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

THE POOR, HALF-WITTED AND STARVING BOY WHO WAS FOUND IN THE CELLAR OF THE DENNISON HOUSE, CINCINNATI.



STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT SEA.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

The Simple Hot Gospeler, a Case of Circumstantial Evidence and Other Social Freaks.

ROBBING AN EVANGELIST.

Arthur Williamson, a young Evangelist, arrived in Jersey City from England a few weeks ago, and said that he was one of Moody and Sankey's staff of revivists, and had traveled all through England with them on their great tour. He was a very pleasant



Moody's side partner.

young man, and by his frank manner made many friends. His destination was Chicago, where he was to join Dwight L. Moody. Being short of funds, he was obliged to stop at Jersey City and put up at Brock's Hotel in Greene street, where he intended to remain until he received remittances from home.

A fellow-passenger on the steamer confided a very peculiar story of Williamson's doings to one of the guests in the hotel. He said that during the voyage the young Evangelist was constantly in the smoking-room watching a party of gentlemen playing a quiet game of poker. Williamson did not join the players, although he was frequently asked to do so. He seemed to have plenty of money, which he spent freely. Toward the end of the voyage Williamson's money gave out. He did not try to convert the poker-players.

For his first few days at the hotel Williamson remained in his room and only appeared at meal-time. On Christmas Eve, while out on one of his tours, he met Edward Cartligh, a very fluent talker, in one of the saloons on Newark avenue. Cartligh, who lives at No. 347 East Thirty-sixth street, this city, appeared to know so much about the night side of Jersey City that Williamson assented to a proposition to make the round. Williamson dresses in a long ulster that almost touches his boots. Evangelist and guide visited many saloons. The guide drank a good deal of hot whisky. The Evangelist tried a hot Scotch and liked it, then he drank more. Williamson became jolly. He paid for several rounds, displaying a handsome leather purse. While in a Grove street saloon Williamson felt in his pocket for the purse to pay for some drinks, but to his surprise it was gone. At once he suspected that Cartligh was not such a good fellow



He gets left.

after all, and he accused him of having stolen the money. A policeman was called, to whom Williamson said that he had been robbed of \$25 by Cartligh. The officer conducted them to the First precinct station-house, where Cartligh was searched. The purse, containing \$2, was found between his undergarments and trousers. Capt. Farrier locked him up. The Evangelist's breath was so suggestive of spirits that the captain decided to log him up also, and Williamson was assigned a warm cell with a regulation hard board bed. Williamson looked very sorry and rather worse for the wear when he appeared before Justice Stilins in the morning. Cartligh was held for further examination, and Williamson is now the guest of Jailer Joice in the Hudson County Jail as a witness against his guide.

HUNG CHONG STRUNG UP.

The other evening three Chinamen, dressed in the American style, entered Hung Chong's laundry, at No. 553 Market street, in the upper part of Newark. They said they were very cold and wanted to warm themselves. After conversing a few moments, one of them crept behind him and threw a rope around his neck. The others gagged him with a

wad of cloth, and catching both his arms and legs tied them securely with strips of muslin. They then demanded the key of the box in which he kept his money. On being told that he had no money, they threw the rope over a rafter and drew him up. One of them then procured a knife and hatchet and again called upon Chong for the key of his treasure-box. Every time Chong refused to divulge the secret he was cut with the knife or gashed with the hatchet. Seeing there was no hope of being succored, he told them they could find the key in a crevice in the wall, and begged to be let down. The Chinamen got the key, and securing all the money the box contained, about \$600, hastily departed. Two brothers named Smith, who lived near by, hearing the sounds of a scuffle and moaning coming from the laundry, entered as the thieves departed. They found Chong suspended from the rafter covered with blood flowing from great gashes in his body, arms and legs. They quickly cut him down, and calling an ambulance had him sent to Police Headquarters. His recovery is doubtful.

When he recovered consciousness, he said he believed he would be unable to identify his assailants, having never seen them before.

BROOKLYN MISSIONARIES.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn has recently made a discovery which has shaken it to its very center. From the water front of Furman street clear back to the swell residences of the Hill, the Christian young men of Brooklyn are in a great and painful state of fermentation and disgust.

'Cause why?

It is not a long story, nor is it in all particulars an altogether pleasing story. But, none the less, it is a very droll and suggestive story.

The burden of the complaint is that the Christian



How to hang up a laundryman.

young men of Brooklyn have been involuntarily and unwittingly providing a gentleman of bibulous habits with the means and material for getting comfortably drunk in the seclusion of his own home. As the Christian young men of Brooklyn "go in" heavily for Prohibition-with trimmings, and set their Christian young faces, with vigor, against the Demon Rum, the charge that they have contributed out of their substance to the glorious cause of Intemperance has set them almost wild.

It came about in this wise:

A shabby-genteel and altogether broken-down person of the Stiggins type recently applied at the office of the Association for employment. Asked to disclose what he could do, he modestly confessed that there was at least one branch of industry in which he had but few equals and no superiors.

He could spot license-breaking, Sunday-law-violating



Collecting evidence.

Liquor dealers to the Queen's taste. His nose being taken in evidence, got him the job, and he was, forthwith, equipped with a certain amount of small change and instructed to go out and gather in his victims.

With three dollars in his pocket, a demijohn under his vest and a funnel in the mouth of the demijohn, he went out upon his raid rejoicing. When he dropped in timidly and asked for a drink of whisky, one look at his inflamed proboscis and his semblance of general decay inspired the most doubtful dealer with confidence, and he got his drink. The moment he had it



Self-communion.

in his mouth, he would, by favor of the funnel, convey it into the demijohn, and, after a series of "calls," filling that receptacle, would bring him home with the proceeds of his foray—exactly like a busy little bee returning to his hive with honey.

In an unawary moment he took a friend into his confidence and disclosed to him his simple but effective method of filling the jug at the expense of the unconscious young Christianity of Brooklyn. The friend "dropped" as the phrase goes. Other friends "dropped" also, in proper turn, and within two weeks the Association was inundated by a tidal wave of dilapidated elderly gentlemen with red noses, rusty coats and queer old hats, all eager to embark in the business of "collecting evidence" of the violation of the Sunday law.

Then the Association "dropped" likewise—on which account a troop of elderly gentlemen in various stages of physical and sartorial decay crawl round town mad enough to kick themselves into flinders for giving away so sumptuous a racket.

LAFLIN CALLED A COWARD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Excitement had been worked up to a high pitch when Joe Heiser and Walter De Baun appeared to wind up the boxing at the benefit of the latter in the Alhambra, at 108 West Eighteenth street, at about 1 o'clock Christmas morning. The hall was packed. After De Baun and Heiser had mounted the platform the master of ceremonies called upon Prof. J. M. Laflin to come up and be referee. The colossal club-swinging Laflin did not seem to be cheered by this distinction, but he went up. Mr. Laflin borrowed a stop-watch, and was about to introduce the boxers, when Mr. Johnny Stack arose among the spectators, and notwithstanding that half a dozen of his friends tried to drag him down by his coat-tails, declared that he and all other persons present who had been witnesses of the recent Sullivan-Laflin match in Madison Square Garden objected to Mr. Laflin as "a bloat, a lubber and a coward."

There was a great roar. Fifty men were on their feet. Fists were shaken, and the room was deluged with proflanity. The voice of the Hon. Nick Langdon proclaimed in a strident wail that pierced the general racket like a knife that Mr. Stack was a blanket-blank liar. Stack showed symptoms of apoplexy in trying to climb over his chair in order to reach the Hon. Mr. Langdon, and the Hon. Mr. Langdon was surrounded by a bulwark of his friends. De Baun leaned over the ropes and adjured the gentlemen to be quiet.

"You're a friend of mine, ain't you?" he cried to Mr. John Stack, and on Mr. Stack declaring in an earnest and even emotional manner that he was, "then," pleaded De Baun, "shut up!"

Stack, evidently deeply injured, offered to prove that Laflin was a bloat, a lubber and a coward, and declared his willingness to go up and "lick the big chump in two minutes."

The voice of the Hon. Mr. Langdon was again heard proclaiming that Mr. Stack was an unmentionable kind-of-a liar, and Laflin, advancing to the ropes, and placing the finger-tips of one hand upon his chest, exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice to Stack, who forthwith began to show signs of acute insanity:

"You—you lick me!"

"Yes, you sassy old chump!" shrieked Stack.

"You're a liar!" yelled the Hon. Mr. Langdon.

It was fifteen minutes before a measure of calm prevailed and the pugilists were introduced.

DELIGHTS OF THE FIRST SNOW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most hilarious days in the entire year is when the snow first flies. The white flakes are greeted with shouts of joy by the little folk, and even the children of elder growth foresee much pleasure ahead. When the ground is well covered the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells is heard upon the frosty air and vie with the laughter of the sleighers in their musical merriment. But where the snow is most heartily enjoyed is in the country. Given a hillside, covered with snow, plenty of cutters and toboggans and a lively party, and no better sport could be wished for. Our artist has cleverly depicted such a scene, and its truth to nature can be recognized at a glance.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN SEASICKNESS.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, during an ocean passage. In most of the cases, the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

BLOOD MONEY.

How a Man Bargained for the Murder of His Enemy in Colorado.

In 1882 a man named Jackson was engaged in freighting to the Uncompahgre and White River agencies, hauling government freight and supplies. In his employ as a driver was his nephew, a young man also named Jackson. One day, after having delivered a load of freight at the agency, on their return the Jacksons went into camp for the night, after having traveled some miles. No sooner had they stopped than an Indian rode up and demanded supper. Young Jackson said:

"Supper is not ready; as soon as we get it you can have some."

The Indian became very abusive, and with some rough epithets said:

"Me want it now."

Jackson repeated his former statement that it was not ready and he would have to wait. This seemed to enrage the redskin, who at once pulled his gun on the young man to enforce his demands. Jackson then ran around the wagon, got his gun and fired at, but did not hit, the Indian, who galloped off at full speed to the agency, where he reported the matter in his own way. The agent immediately returned with him and a party of Indians, and demanded of Jackson the surrender of the young man. Fearing for his safety, the old man refused at first, but the agent gave his word that he should not be injured; that he would merely be taken to the post for a hearing to satisfy the Indians. Upon this assurance being given the young man was given up; but, notwithstanding the pledge of the agent, they had not proceeded far on their return to the agency when the agent yielded to the demands of the Utes and surrendered the prisoner to them. They at once took him to the timber, tied him to a tree and amid the most disgusting orgies tortured him to death in a most horrible manner. His uncle, upon ascertaining his fate, made the best of his way back, and upon arriving at Del Norte detailed the particulars of the tragedy to a large and excited crowd. Among those present was a young man named Lowe, who, upon hearing the story, said:

"The agent should be killed."

"I will give you a horse and \$500 if you will do it," said Jackson.

Lowe accepted the proposition, and the next day, well mounted and armed, and with a liberal advance of the sum agreed upon, started out on his mission of blood. As the feeling of having money in his pocket was a novel one, upon arriving at Saguache he proceeded to "blow himself in," and got gloriously drunk. Having spent all his money, there was nothing left for him but to get sober and proceed on his journey to the agency. Upon arriving there he was met by the agent, who, perhaps mistrusting him, proceeded to ply him with liquor, and, while under its effects, Lowe confided to him the object of his mission. The agent, naturally feeling that his position was a critical one, and finding no compunctions for the fate of the younger Jackson, to which he had so largely contributed, then made a proposition to Lowe fully as extraordinary as the one made by Jackson, which was that he would pay \$1,000 for the murder of the freighter. This being a better offer, Lowe at once accepted it, and started on his return to carry out the terms of the contract. Arriving at Del Norte, he at once sought out Jackson, who asked him if he had killed the agent.

"No," said Lowe, "I found him to be a very good sort of fellow, and, besides, he made a better offer yours."

"What was it?" asked Jackson.

"He raised you and offered me \$1,000 to kill you, and I want to know what you are going to do about it?"

"I don't understand you," said the amazed freighter.

"I mean just what I say. He has raised you \$500, and I want to know if you intend to raise him."

"Why, no, of course not," said Jackson; "and if I don't, what do you intend to do?"

"Well, I think that unless you make a better offer I would have to accept his."

"You do, do you?" said Jackson.

"Yes," said Lowe; "what else can I do?"

Jackson then walked off and left him and got a double-barreled shotgun from his house. He then went to Ewing's hardware store, obtained some buckshot cartridges, with which he loaded the gun, and returned to the blacksmith shop where the conversation took place.

Lowe in the meantime went off, got shaved and then got on his horse and started down the street, Winchester in hand. Jackson, who was standing in the door of the blacksmith shop, saw him coming, and feeling sure that Lowe would carry out his cold-blooded intention, raised his gun as Lowe passed him, and put a heavy charge of buckshot into him, killing him instantly. Lowe's lifeless body fell from the horse into the street. Jackson, as soon as he saw the result of his shot, jumped upon his horse and fled the country, remaining away until the convening of the District Court, when he returned and surrendered himself for trial, which took place at the same term of court. Knowing that his own course in the premises was not free from blame, he having been the first to offer a price for his enemy's life, he made the peculiar defense that Lowe had slandered his wife, also that he had killed him in self-defense. The result, however, was that he was acquitted.

VINCENT E. M. ANGELO.

[With Portrait.]

Vincent E. M. Angelo, up to the time of his death, which occurred on July 11, 1884, was one of the best-known all-round athletes in St. Louis. He was a member of the Olympic Football Association, the Modoc Rowing Club, and Missouri Gymnasium. On July 11 he and three others were out rowing in the Modoc's four-oared barge when the Mulliken, a ferry-boat, cut their light craft in two. Angelo and another of the crew were drowned. Angelo's body was found three days later and his funeral was attended by a large gathering of amateur athletes. Angelo made his first appearance on the under path in March, 1883. At the Pultman, Ill., athletic meeting he captured second prize in both the mile and half-mile runs. At the Olympic Club sports in that city on Thanksgiving Day a year ago he won the half-mile race from a long list of entries, and last year at the Fair Grounds he won the half-mile run from a big field. At the time of his death Vincent was but nineteen years of age, and while the most promising he was also the most popular of the rising body of St. Louis amateurs.

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PERILS OF THE "L" ROADS

Dangers to Passengers During the Thick Fogs that Have Lately Prevailed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

New Yorkers have been made to realize fully some of the dangers of elevated railroad travel during the foggy season that has lately prevailed. On the 30th ult. there were no less than four collisions. Four persons were injured by the collisions, but, fortunately, none of them fatally. Although similar accidents have occurred on the same sections of the road during heavy fogs, the railroad managers have done nothing to lessen the danger from repetitions of such collisions, leaving the safety of the passengers altogether dependent on the sharp sight of the engineers of the trains, at times when trains are moving at less than two minutes between them.

The first accident occurred at the down-town station at One Hundred and Sixth street at about 7:30 A. M. A train in charge of Engineer Terrell had halted at the station platform, with some sixty or seventy passengers on board. A stream of workmen and women was pouring into the train, when suddenly there was a loud crash and the train was pushed forward violently a dozen feet. Passengers in the cars were thrown off their feet. The shock was so violent that many in the front of the train imagined the rear cars had been telescoped. Women screamed, and a rush was made by the frightened passengers to the platform.

A number of passengers who stood on the station saw a young woman in the act of getting on the train, and when the crash occurred the shock threw her between the cars to the track underneath. Cries of horror came from a score of throats, and the passengers shouted to the engineer:

"Don't move!" "A woman is under the train!" "For God's sake stand still!"

To add to the confusion and alarm, the engineers began letting off steam from their engines, and for a time the people were almost frantic with excitement. Several men tried to get to the young woman who lay almost under the wheels. After several minutes of exertion they succeeded in catching hold of her arms and dragging her to the platform. The clothing and shoes had been almost stripped from her person. She was unconscious when rescued, but several of the passengers recognized her as Miss Lila Harris, eighteen years old, of No. 111 East One Hundred and Sixth street. Her father and the porter at the station carried her home. A physician examined her, and found that her left leg was bruised and lacerated, and that the knee-cap had been injured. Miss Harris, when she recovered, said:

"I was conscious all the time that I was under the cars, but it seemed an age before they dragged me out."

SHE Eloped WITH THE LOSER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jehial Clancy is superintendent of the Clarion Company's lumber mills, near Coalton, Pa. Since July last William Nicholson and William Brant, two young lumbermen from the Maine lumber regions, have been working at the mills. Clancy has a nineteen-year-old daughter, with whom the two young men fell in love. Each one wanted to marry the girl, but their friendly relations were not disturbed by that fact. Miss Clancy has been home from school in New York State a few weeks only. She seemed pleased with the attentions of the two friends.

On Thursday of week before last there was a shooting match near the Clarion Mills. Young Brant and Nicholson attended. During the day Brant proposed to Nicholson that they shoot a match at 300 yards, best three in five, the loser to retire from further attempts to win Miss Clancy's hand in favor of the winner. The men shot twenty times each, the shooting resulting in a tie each time. On the twenty-first round Nicholson missed, and Brant won the match. The two friends then went to Clancy's and told the young lady what they had done and the result. Brant proposed marriage to her. She replied that she felt pleased with his offer, but as she was engaged to be married to a young man in Waverly, N. Y., she could not accept it. Brant was so chagrined at this information that he left the neighborhood at once, saying that he intended to return to Maine. Nicholson remained at work in the mill.

The day before Christmas Miss Clancy went away, ostensibly to spend the day with a young lady friend in a neighboring village. On Christmas Day Nicholson also went away. No one connected his absence with that of the girl, but on Saturday they returned home together. They had been married on Christmas. Nicholson had continued to press his suit after Brant went away, in spite of the girl's declaration that she was already engaged to be married. She finally consented to marry him, but her father insisted that she keep her engagement with the Waverly young man, and she then agreed to elope with Nicholson.

A WELL WORKED BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

Mr. and Mrs. William Madden, people of good standing and of more than average intelligence, live on a farm one mile southeast of Richland, Palmyra township, Knox county. Mr. Madden is a good farmer, and in all affairs of life has shown himself to be a man of marked good sense. On the farm, near the house, is a well with an old-fashioned well-box of the windlass pattern. This well, Mr. and Mrs. Madden affirm, is haunted. Mrs. Madden first became aware of the supernatural character of the innocent-looking old affair some days ago, when her notice was attracted by a constant noise from it of such a nature as is usually made when the water is being drawn up. She mentioned this to Mr. Madden and others, who pooh-poohed her. The lady was silenced, but the noise was not, and every day the windlass has been removed, and water drawn up in the most mysterious manner. Mrs. Madden was not frightened, simply curious. She frequently went to the well, drew a bucket of water, emptied the bucket and retired, keeping the well in sight. Again the windlass would move, and when she approached the well again she found that by some unknown agency the bucket had been filled with water.

A few nights ago Mr. Madden drew water for his stock and returned immediately to the house. As soon as he had seated himself the rattling of the windlass began. He rushed to the well, and was horrified to see that the bucket he had emptied was full of water and gradually ascending to the top of the well. There was no doubt in the fact that the windlass was being worked by some invisible hand. He rushed back to the house and informed his wife. Both are now telling the story with all the earnestness of truth. Says Mr. Madden:

"I am not a believer in ghosts, or anything of the kind, but I cannot doubt what I see with my own eyes."

Their story is generally credited, and the people in the vicinity are in a high state of excitement over the strange affair.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some time past a number of small thefts have occurred at the Dennison House, Cincinnati. The thief confined his work to the basement and lower part of the house, breaking into the kitchen and pantry during the small hours of the night and helping himself to cabbages and delicacies of various kinds suitable to his taste. Detectives were called in, and, finally, a search was made of the cellar of the hotel. Away back in a corner, squeezed between the water-tank and the wall, a young man was found and brought forth. It was about all they could do to tell that he was human. The women ran screaming from the cellar, so horrible was his appearance. He tried to speak, but he could not be understood. His voice was almost gone.

His thin face and sunken cheeks were black with coal-dust and his hair was matted with dirt. His long, thin hands looked like those of a dead person that had been buried without coffin or shroud right in the dirt for several days. His bare feet presented about the same appearance. His clothing consisted only of an old woolen shirt and pants. It was plain he had been in the cellar a long time.

By getting very close to the young man his words could be understood, and Mr. Gaddis learned, with surprise, that he was August Brandenburg, aged eighteen, who several months ago was employed at the hotel as assistant engineer. He spoke with great difficulty, and then his best effort was in a very faint whisper. He had been in the cellar more than a week. The poor fellow could not have lived a great while in this way. When asked what he meant by it he said he hoped and prayed every day to die, and thought every time he went to sleep he would wake no more. He weeps like a child, and his mind is very weak.

WHERE COUNTERFEITS ARE DETECTED.

In the counting and handling of paper currency, the Treasury women have almost superseded men. They count better and faster, and in the detection of counterfeits are unequalled. Notes which circulate freely through every bank in the country are readily detected the instant they come into the hands of the women operators in the Treasury. It will be noticed by anybody who ever gave any attention to the subject that the warnings to look out for counterfeits invariably come from the Treasury department. This means that the counterfeit has circulated with impunity until it reaches the fingers of the women experts in the Treasury; then it is instantly detected.

As an example: A counterfeit of the last issue of \$5 bills was known to be floating about some time ago. The Treasury sent out the alarm, but the officials, judging from experience, knew that it would probably not be detected until one reached the Treasury in a package of money from one of the banks. At last it came in a bundle from a big New York bank. The young woman counting the bills in the Treasury picked it out instantly. The note was traced, and it was found to have passed through half the banks in New York without suspicion, to be spotted at the first glance by this young woman, who, it is said, has never yet passed a counterfeit. Not one single cent has ever been stolen by women since their employment in the Treasury. When the work was done solely by men, discharges for small thefts were frequent.

THE INCENDIARY MANIA.

Somebody has set his wits to work to devise a new name for incendiaryism or arson when committed by people rich enough to hire lawyers to defend them. It is called pyromania—a mania for setting things on fire. Just as a poor ragged devil full of liquor is called a drunkard, when a man who can employ a doctor instead of a policeman to take care of him is called a dipsomaniac; and a poor girl who steals is a thief, but a richer one a kleptomaniac; so we shall now have incendiaries and pyromaniacs. But will it cut down the annual destruction of \$100,000,000?

GEORGE E. WINGATE.

[With Portrait.]

Canada has produced a rival to America in the person of George E. Wingate, of Toronto, Ont. He is charged with embezzling \$9,440 from the North British Canadian Investment Company (Limited), where he was a clerk. He escaped to the United States, but, unlike the American cashiers who flee to Canada, he has been captured.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL.

[With Portrait.]

The extraordinary decision which has justified the claim of Miss Sarah Althea Hill to be considered the wife of Senator Sharon has made a sensation throughout the country. Miss Hill's evidence during the trial revealed the most extraordinary state of society in California. It came out in testimony that the Senator actually introduced her to his daughter while visiting that she was only his mistress. She has quarreled with Mr. Nelson, who was her principal backer and friend, and caused his arrest as a perjurer and blackmailer, and popular expectation in California is all agog for fresh disclosures.

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DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

Harrowing Scenes at the Burning of the Racine, Wis., Opera House.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Shortly after midnight, Dec. 28, flames were discovered in the Blake Opera House block, Racine, Wis., adjoining which is Carey & Flannigan's Hotel, which was at the time filled with guests from ceiling to garret.

The panic that followed the terrible cry of "Fire!" was such as has been only equalled in the conflagration of the Plankinton House, Milwaukee, when seventy people miserably perished. Screaming women and children, scantily attired in night-dresses, tumbled pell-mell down the stairways, or dropped from the windows upon the frozen ground.

Swiftly the flames devoured the ornamental exterior of the Opera House and hotel, darting through the windows and igniting the interior. It was a spectacle more thrilling and brilliant by far than was ever produced upon the stage.

The upper story of the hotel, which was occupied largely by the female servants, was soon cut off from aid by a cordon of blazing rafters, and although the fire department performed heroic work, it is feared that nearly twenty unfortunate either met a painless death by suffocation or died in unspeakable agony amid the flames.

All day long thousands of people stood in the bitterly cold wind watching with intense interest the slow extinguishment of the fire and the beginning of the tardy work of rescue.

"Help, for the love of God!" was the heart-rending appeal of a woman at one of the fourth story windows just as the firemen were desisting from further attempts to extinguish the blazing roof.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd below, and some one cried out:

"Jump for your life!"

It was too late. A puff of flame from within was seen to wrap the white figure in a fiery shroud and with another scream of terror she vanished into the seething pit below. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Glover, members of the "Beggar Student" Opera Company, also perished in the flames, and their charred bodies were found locked in each other's arms.

The entire building is in ruins and every inmate has lost his or her personal property to the total value of nearly \$20,000.

Thompson's "Beggar Student" Opera Company have lost their entire outfit, valued at \$6,000.

The adjoining buildings are either damaged or destroyed by falling walls. The Opera House, which was the finest in the State, was built in 1882 at a cost of \$100,000. The insurance is only \$48,000.

LIKE A FALLING STAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Zephaniah Phelps is a 73-year-old eccentric, who lives in the woods fourteen or fifteen miles from Hartford. He is a good deal of an inventor, and one of his principal hobbies was the invention and construction of a flying machine. After much work the machine was constructed. Early on the morning of Dec. 19, he secretly got all his apparatus in order and trudged through the woods from his shanty to Talcott mountain. He lugged it all to the top of the mountain and climbed up the tower. He tried to fly. Some hours afterward he was found lying on the ground groaning and moaning with intense pain. The snow around was tinged with his blood. His right arm and collarbone were broken. If it had not been for the trees, which broke his fall, he would have been killed.

"I do not care so much for my hurts," said he, feebly, "but I had hoped to make my name immortal, and now I am afraid I am so crippled that I can never fly. It was not the fault of my principles or my machine. When I got on top of the tower I strapped myself to the exhausted cylinder and tied on my turbine attachments. Then I stood on the edge and started my gas machine. The turbine wheels revolved as well as I had expected, and carried me clear of the tower and some feet away. I was going finely when the wind caught me and turned me downward. I crashed into the trees and thought I would be killed, but the branches broke my fall."

The machine was a total wreck. It cannot be fixed or made up again. Several curious persons have been tinkering with the fragments, but can make nothing out of it.

TORTURED BY ROBBERS.

At 8 o'clock on the night of Dec. 23, at the residence of Elias Marting, a rich bachelor living four miles east of Wheeling, W. Va., three masked men entered the house by force and bound Mr. Marting. Searching the house, they found nothing of any value, and then proceeded to deeds that would disgrace an Indian. Marting was stripped of all his clothing and red-hot poker were laid to his back, while the fiends laughed at the screams and the agony of their victim, whose yell filled the house. Shovelfuls of red-hot coals were tossed upon him, and his hair was burned off his head. All the time he was exhorted to tell where his wealth was hidden. He told them where to find about \$1,000—all he had in the house. He was not believed, and the thieves again began their devilish work.

Pans of hot grease were set on the floor and Marting was made to stand in them until his flesh peeled from his feet. He fainted, but was restored only to undergo new tortures. A straw bed was emptied of its contents, which were piled around the man and then fired. The flames completely enveloped him, and he was horribly burned. About midnight, believing him to be dying, the robbers fled. At 10 o'clock next morning Marting was found unconscious by two neighbors, who went to his house on an errand. Medical aid was summoned, and he was revived sufficiently to tell the story of his tortures. A posse is in search of the thieves, and if caught they will be hanged on the spot. Marting is highly connected in that city.

BLOOD UPON THE MOON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The life of a ballet girl is not always a happy one, as was demonstrated by the following little incident in the career of a well-known dancer. She is a member of one of the spectacular companies now on the road. A few years ago, while in New York, she was pursued by a man who said he was very wealthy, and,

under promise of marriage, effected her ruin and then left for parts unknown. A week or two ago, the company with which she was engaged was performing in one of the Western theatres. One night she saw, behind the scenes, talking very earnestly and attentively to one of her companions, a man whom she thought she recognized. Approaching closer, she discovered in him her faithless lover. Without a moment's hesitation she went at him tooth and nail, and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, had completely used him up. She slunk from the theatre like a whipped cur, and when the plucky ballet girl had told her story to her companion who had been the object of the fellow's attention, the latter was only too thankful that she had been saved from the wiles of a villain.

ALEXANDER D. STEWART.

[With Portrait.]

Alexander D. Stewart, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the Chief of the Hamilton (Canada) Police, and was born at Leghorn, Italy, on Sept. 19, 1852. He comes of an excellent Scottish family and is a near relative of Lord Blantyre and other members of the British aristocracy. He was educated at St. Andrew's and Edinburgh universities and is a man of considerable culture. His height is 6 feet 4 inches and his weight 220 pounds. Although retired from public competitions Mr. Stewart is, without doubt, the best all-round amateur athlete in Canada. He pulls a strong oar, is a fine bat and magnificent cover point in cricket, an effective football-player, a splendid boxer, an admirable fencer and swimmer, a first-class cross-country rider, a good gymnast, and holds over eighty cups and medals for proficiency in these and other branches of athletics. He has met and generally defeated many of the best men on this as well as the other side of the water. Mr. Stewart is vice-president of the Canadian Association of Amateur Athletes, and has beyond question done as much as, if not more, than any man in Canada to advance the best interests of honest and legitimate sports of all kinds. He is a recognized authority on questions of this nature, and besides being a generous antagonist is a fair and impartial settler of disputes. He was appointed to his present position on Sept. 22, 1880, since when he has steadily grown in public confidence and has made his force almost a model of intelligence and efficiency.

THE MERRY WORLD OF SPORT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Wintery weather does not put a stop to sport and the merry whirl goes on. Sometimes it is interrupted, however, as will be seen in our combination sporting page this week, in which is shown the raid on cock-fighters at Kearney's, Long Island. The knocking-out of Slade, the Maro, by Jack Brady, a full account of which will be found in our pugilistic column, is also illustrated. The snow, which came just before Christmas, afforded great sport for the sleighers, and there were some lively dashes on the road. There was a lively game of handball at Sweeny's court in Thirty-fifth street, last week, between Phil. Casey, ex-Alderman of Brooklyn, and Mike Hart, the champion of Philadelphia. Bicycling continues to grow in favor, and our artist shows a recent spirited race.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION.

According to a book on the subject just published in London, it appears that the effort to illustrate important or special current events was much earlier made than many are aware. The first attempt to illustrate the news of the day seems to have been made in 1607, when a tract on "Woful News from Wales" curiously illustrated a flood that occurred in Monmouthshire. Another tract, in the same year, pictures floods in Somersetshire and Yorkshire. There were others, in 1612 and 1613, illustrating, among other things, the burning of Tiverton and "The Wonders of this Windy Winter." Favorite subjects with those early woodcutters were murders, battles and floods, with now and then a supernatural flight, whether of ghost or meteor.

RANDOLPH B. MARTINE.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Randolph B. Martine, who was chosen District Attorney of the city and county at the last election. He is a capable and intelligent lawyer and has appeared in several very important cases, having a large and lucrative practice. Personally, his genial social qualities have made him hosts of friends, and he enters upon the duties of his office with the best wishes of the community for his continued success and prosperity.

ANNIE BALDWIN.

[With Portrait.]

Annie Baldwin, late understudy to Mrs. Agnes Booth in "The Wages of Sin," whose portrait we publish this week, is a young lady of undoubted ability and decided beauty. She has shown much talent in the practice of her profession and has a bright future before her.

FRANK MINOR.

[With Portrait.]

Frank Minor, whose portrait we present this week, is a popular young newsdealer of Streator, Ill., where, by careful attention to business, he has established a large news trade. The GAZETTE occupies the most prominent position on his news rack.

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DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION AT THE OPERA HOUSE, RACINE, WIS., BY WHICH A LARGE AMOUNT OF PROPERTY WAS DESTROYED AND A BRIGHT YOUNG ACTOR AND HIS WIFE MET WITH A TRAGIC DEATH.



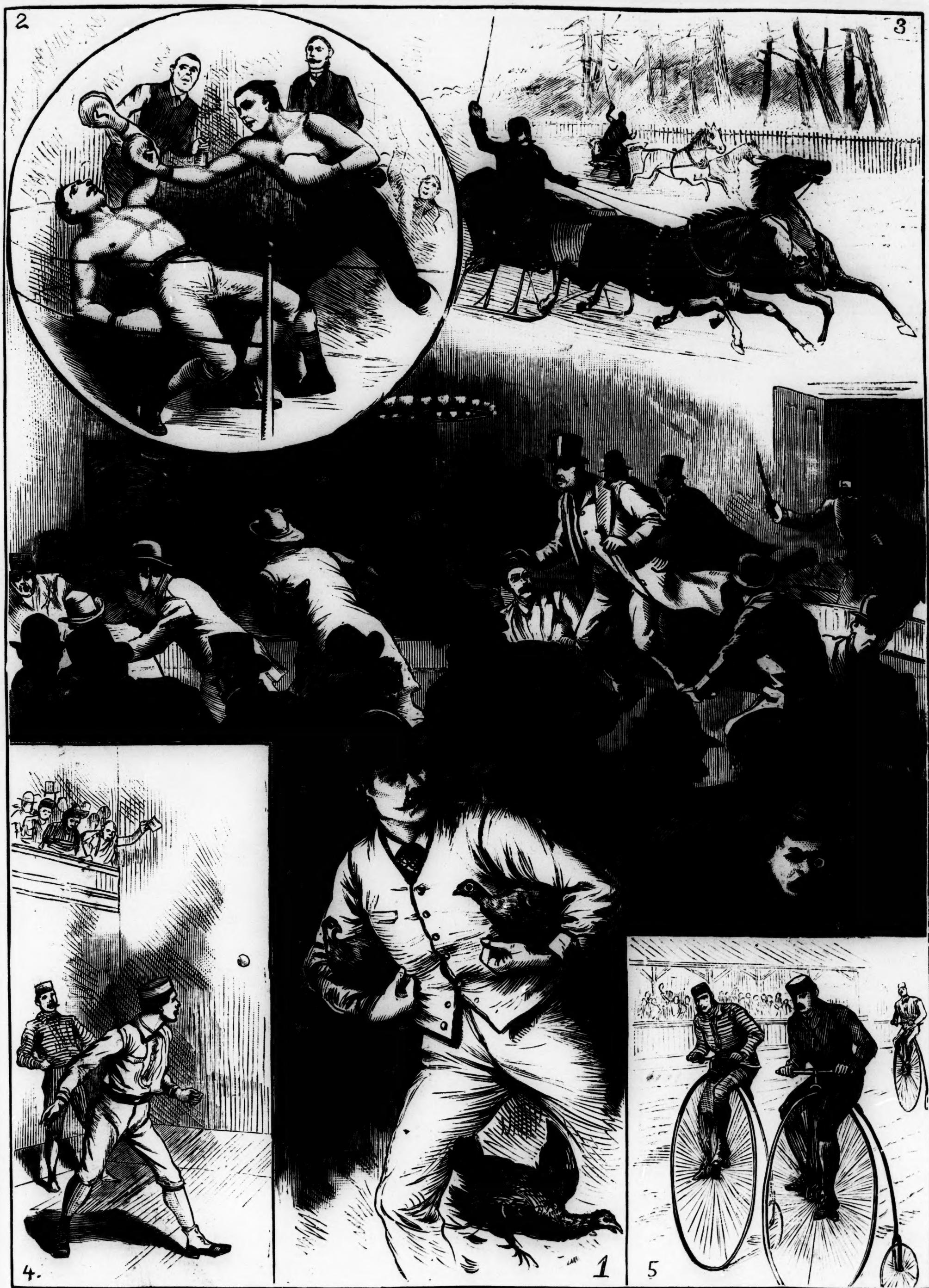
FANIC IN A PLAY-HOUSE.

THE SHOUT OF AN INEBRIATE CREATES A PANIC, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN FATAL, IN BUNNELL'S MUSEUM, NEW HAVEN.



LIKE A FALLING STAR.

ZEPHANIAH PHELPS, A CONNECTICUT INVENTOR, CONSTRUCTS A FLYING MACHINE, BUT HIS FIRST AERIAL TRIP ENDS DISASTROUSLY.



THE MERRY WORLD OF SPORT.

I.—Raid on Cock-Fighters at Kearney's, Long Island. II.—Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, being Knocked Out by Jack Brady. III.—A Friendly Brush on the Road. IV.—A Rattling Hand-Ball Match. V.—Propelling Bicycles for the Championship—John S. Prince and Wm. Woodside Racing at Chicago.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Great Glove Fight Between Jack Brady and Slade, with Other News.

J. Cummings, a rising pugilist, won the 133-pound boxing competition in Chelsea, Eng., recently.

Sporting men are getting up a \$500 purse for Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Jack Dempsey, of this city, to box for.

Jack Green, the middle-weight pugilist of Boston, is eager to again meet George La Blanche, the Marine, in a four-round glove contest, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

Paddy Ryan has written from Chicago to James Patterson, his backer and manager, that he is still in training for his match with John L. Sullivan, which will probably take place in this city.

Dominick McCaffrey is still in Chicago, and announces his return to meet Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Alf. Greenfield or any of the heavy weights with or without gloves, and fight to a finish.

Steve O'Donnell, the boxer, athlete and famous rifleshot, is now manager at Harry Hill's theatre. O'Donnell is very popular and well known among sporting circles, and he is well calculated to fill the important position.

Mike Haley, the pugilist of Sioux City, and an unknown, supposed to be Ed. Miller, of Omaha, have made a match to fight with bare knuckles, London prize-ring rules, for \$500, on Jan. 26, within twenty-five miles of Sioux City.

T. F. Grant, the champion one-legged dancer of America, in conjunction with Harry Rose, has opened a sporting saloon on Front street, Fargo, D. T., and has called it the "Police Gazette" Drum. Grant writes that he is ready to arrange a match to dance any man in America.

Prof. Wm. C. McClellan is again to the front. He is out in a challenge to box any middle weight in America, according to the new "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. McClellan now keeps the Palace sporting house, 231 Bowery, and gives a grand boxing show every night.

Jack Gillespie, of Pittsburgh, offers to fight any pugilist in America, with or without gloves, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, and the battle to be decided within 100 miles of New Orleans. Gillespie stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and, untrained, weighs 211 pounds. His fighting weight is 186 pounds. He has fought seven battles in England, all of which, it is claimed, he won. His longest fight was with Tuffy Ryan. They hammered away at each other for over 2 hours. His other victories were as follows: The Collier 1 hour and 12 minutes; Tom Farmer, 28 minutes; John McGuire, 40 minutes; Peter Larkin, a little over 1 hour.

Bob C. Webb, of Gita, Grant Co., New Mexico, writes as follows:

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Pendragon says: "Some idea of the money that is to be made on the other side by men who probably never possessed a five-pound note of their own while domiciled in this worn-out and poverty-stricken old country, is shown by the prior. Mitchell asked when asked to exhibit in Toronto. A young man, John F. Schles, who is looked upon as captain of the Toronto boxers, was fired with the idea of giving an evening's sparring on a splendid scale in his native city, and he requested Richard K. Fox to engage Mitchell for an attraction. The latter wanted \$1,000, but he refused unless the money for expenses was also paid."

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On Dec. 30, 1884, at the "Police Gazette" office all arrangements were made for a glove contest between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, and Alfred Greenfield, the champion pugilist of Great Britain. Patrick F. Sheedy, of Chicago, arranged the match on behalf of the champion, while a noted sporting man made arrangements for Greenfield. According to the terms of the match, the pugilists are to box 4 rounds according to Queensberry rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. Patrick F. Sheedy has engaged Institute Hall, Boston, which will hold from ten to twelve thousand spectators, and the contest will take place on Monday evening, Jan. 12. Sullivan after he fills his Brooklyn engagement will return to Boston, and, under the mentorship of Pat Sheppard, will prepare for the contest. Greenfield will make Tom Earley's headquarters, and Nobby Clark will train him. Every one will be eager to witness Sullivan and Greenfield meet when they are aware that the pugilists will face each other and contend on their merits. Greenfield is certain that Sullivan cannot stop or conquer him in 4 rounds, but after they meet in the arena at Boston, on Jan. 12, he will have a different opinion. From the present surroundings, the contest between Sullivan and Greenfield at the Hub will be the first boxing sensation of the new year, and thousands will flock to see the champion of the world pitted against the recognized champion of England.

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There was a slashing glove contest at the Alhambra, 104 West Eighteenth street, New York city, on Dec. 25, between Joe Heiser, of Brooklyn, E. D., the amateur light-weight champion boxer, and Walter De Baun, the ex-champion. It was the fourth meeting between these rival aspirants for the amateur light-weight championship, each having scored a victory and a tie-draw. The Alhambra was packed with sporting men of all classes and grades, and the members of the Rasette Club turned out en masse to witness what every one knew would be a first-class encounter. Laft Sullivan's opponent was selected referee, and, after several wranglings with Johnny Stack he did the best he could to decide the contest. The pugilists had agreed to box according to

the new "Police Gazette" rules, each round to last 3 minutes with 1 minute rest between each, but the referee failed to see the rules carried out. The first round lasted 4 minutes instead of 3 minutes, and was a capital display of boxing and hard hitting. The pugilists were allowed nearly 3 minutes to rest. In the second round the rival champions were ordered to their corners when they had only been fighting about 2 minutes. Again the pugilists were allowed to rest for 3 minutes before time was called. In the third round the fighting was terrific and De Baun's face bore marks of punishment. He made his lead at the chest and Heiser got him one, two at the same spot. These were hard blows and made De Baun drop his hands. Before he could raise them again his antagonist had scored five terrific facers without a return. This seemed to rattle De Baun, who struck out wildly, landing two light blows in the face. Heiser again planted a heavy blow on his adversary's ribs, following it up with hits on the face, chest and ear. The latter blow was a very severe swinging right-hand. De Baun fought gamely and scored once or twice, but there was no steam in the blows. Time was called in 1 minute 32 seconds, and a 2 minutes' rest was given the boxers. In the fourth round Heiser buried himself with both hands, De Baun "milling" on the retreat," because he was driven back. It looked as though Heiser was determined to bring the affair to a sudden conclusion, as he fought hard with both hands, but the referee effectively stopped this by calling time and making the men shake hands.

The great glove fight for \$2,500 a side between Jack Brady, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, and Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, was decided at the Wigwam, San Francisco, on Dec. 27. About 3,000 persons paid 75 cents, \$1, \$2 and \$3 for admission. Great interest was manifested over the affair, and a large amount of money wagered. Charles Dexter was referee and Harry Maynard time-keeper. Brady offered to bet Slade \$250 that he would down him. The latter replied: "No, I don't take it. It's against the law." Then time was called, and Slade made a feeble rush at Brady. A few blows were exchanged on both sides, but they amounted to nothing. Slade apparently had exerted himself too much in getting up from his chair. He made the poorest attempt at a fight imaginable. It looked as though he was afraid to hit his opponent. Brady got in a couple of good hits on Slade's bread-basket and the Maori's wind was gone. "He was whipped before he put up his props," said a spectator after the round, and the sentiment was echoed by all who heard him. Brady did not do any fighting in the round, the men clutching most of the time and breathing as though they were about to expire. When time was called both men looked inexplicably happy and retired to their corners like lambs. When time was called for the second round the Maori arose from his chair though some one had glued him to his seat, and he had to struggle to separate the bottom of his tights from his resting-place. He looked big enough to beat down Brady's guard and knock the life out of him, and the reason why he did not do so must have been because he did not have the heart to do it, or else there was a contingent fee due him if he carried out his contract. Brady rushed for him, and twice the Maori hit back straight from the shoulder, telling frightfully on his antagonist, but that was all he did. Within the first minute Brady pushed him over on his back. On rising to his feet, Slade was backed to the ropes, and again fell, but not from any blows he received. He did not make a pretense of fighting in the second minute, and when the three minutes were about half up, Brady pushed him to the ropes and fought him to a standstill. The Maori's hands fell to his sides, and Brady striking him on the cheek, he fell in a limp mass. He failed to get up in the 10 seconds, and the fight was awarded to Brady.

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SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Prof. Silio W. Kimball has been appointed judge of the Excelior Boat Club, of Paterson, N. J.

Jimmy Ryan and **Jack Dempsey** are matched to box for \$100 a side Jan. 7. The fight will be to a finish.

Capt. Harry Morgan, ex-feather-weight champion pugilist of the Northwest, is now located at Leadville, Col.

Mike Haley and **Ed. Miller**, of Omaha, Neb., are matched to fight with the raw for \$250 a side Jan. 26, near Sioux City.

Charley Mitchell boxed 3 rounds with **James Brady**, a Buffalo pug, Dec. 25, at Buffalo. There were only about 100 persons in the theatre.

Mike Henry, the well-known sporting man, and at one time boxer, second and trainer, is now one of the keepers in the King County penitentiary.

At Winnipeg, Can., on Tuesday, Dec. 23, **Billy Wilson** knocked out Charles Hally, the alleged colored champion, in 4 rounds, at Victoria theatre.

Col. E. T. Keenan, the well known sporting lion of London, England, is doing a splendid business at the Crown Tavern, Crown court, Fleet street, London.

The glover contest which was to have taken place in Philadelphia on Tuesday, Dec. 23, between Jimmy Mitchell and Dan Powers. The contest was a stubborn one, and at the end of the 4 rounds the referee declared Daly the winner.

The Union Association will meet at Milwaukee on Jan. 15, when each of its eight clubs will be required to deposit \$50 with the president of the association as a guarantee that they will live up to the rules of the association and play out the championship schedule. This will give the association a guarantee fund of \$1,000, and as that amount is to be placed in the hands of the president of the association that gentleman will have to give bonds for \$5,000. The officers of the association feel sure that they will have a highly prosperous campaign in 1885.

John H. Clark and **Jack Burke** made a first-class set to for the "wind-up" at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 27. Steve Taylor and Danny Kelleher also sparred. Dominick McCaffrey and Patsy Cardiff were presented to the audience, together with the announcement that McCaffrey would spar any man in the world for \$2,500 a side, and that Cardiff would make a match with any one, barring John L. Sullivan, for a like amount. Burke is also lightly announced as ready to fight any one —bar John L.—for \$2,500. It would seem that with so many champions together a match should be arranged.

The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: P. F. Sheedy, Chicago; Jas. Millward Leopold, Frivolity Company; George June, Kiralfy Company; Jas. Stillwell, Coney Island; Thos. Sidebotham, Brooklyn Bowlers; Ed. Lamb, comedian; Frank Robbins, Robbins' circus; Jas. Denning, Williamson; Bob Smith, Prof. Wm. McClellan, Wm. Delaney; T. Munson, Cheshire, Conn.; A. Schiele, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Reilly, Mike Henry, Mike Noonan, Tom Nesbit; Charlie Johnston, Brooklyn; Jack Welsh, Bat. Sweeney, Ed. F. Mallahan; Ed. Baer, club-swinger; John Wood, photographer; Mr. Morris, manager Alexander's Musee; C. A. Glyn; Wm. Brennan, Empire House, Peekskill, N. Y.; Geo. Brennan; Toppy Maguire, the Sun; Frank Nelson, Theo. Haller.

The American Athletic Club had a capital cross-country run on Dec. 23, starting from Woodlawn. No time was lost in getting ready for the chase, and at 11:30 the hares—Messrs. Copeland, Muir and Smith—were sent away. In 10 minutes the hounds, "Bob" Stoll master, and Knickerbocker and C. Haubold as whips, went in pursuit. The pack cantered down Jerome avenue to the Park, thence to the Aqueduct. Here the trail led to Fordham Heights, where the crowd had to climb a steep hill, and many of the hounds were forced on their knees. Knickerbocker, one of the whips, rolled down the hill, a distance of 40 ft., but received no serious injury. The trail led to South Yonkers, and from there back to the Aqueduct, thence home, making a distance of about 8 miles. The hares arrived at 12:45 P. M., which made their time of running 1h 15m. The hounds, headed by Stoll, C. Haubold and Thomas, arrived 18m afterward.

Thomas F. Delaney, the ex-champion amateur 5-mile runner, who is now a professional pedestrian, had a first-class benefit at Woods' Athletic Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on Dec. 27. The following is the summary of the games:

Half-mile run—For those who never beat 2:25. Robert Turner, N. S. A. C., won, with J. F. Eck, Newark, second. Time, 2:25.

Boys' race; 40 yards—J. Roberts, W. A. C., won. Time, 1:06 2/5.

Two-mile walk handicap—W. Nixon, A. A. C. (scratch), first; E. A. Kraft, W. A. C. (30s), second. Time, 1:06 3/4.

One-mile run handicap—E. D. McCarthy, G. A. C. (20 yards), first; R. Turner, N. S. A. C. (scratch), second. Time, 1:06 5/8.

One-mile walk handicap—J. D. Moordraft, second. Time, 5:05.

Five-mile run handicap—T. McNally, N. S. A. C. (1:45), first; D. J. McCarthy, G. A. C. (1m), second. Time, 2:30 3/4.

In the final heat of the light-weight boxing, J. McAuliffe, N. S. A. C., defeated J. Patterson, of New York city.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-interest.

There are few things about which greater misconceptions have been commonly entertained in our times than the training for athletic competitions.

Throughout the first half of the present century the popular impression was that the regime in question consisted chiefly in devouring huge quantities of raw beef.

Nine out of every ten men and ninety-nine out of every hundred women, implicitly believed that a man in training meant a man nurtured for the time being upon hunks of half-cooked flesh, washed down with drinks, which may be very moderate in quantity but of prodigious potency.

One-half of the horror with which well-bred ladies and well-conducted young people of all kinds looked upon the jester of that period arose from a rooted conviction that this was the diet upon which he habitually lived.

Had it ever by any accident been the lot of any of these highly respectable people to assist at the 1 o'clock dinners of a savage gladiator of the prize ring they would hardly have believed their own eyes when they saw the repast served up.

The portion of well but not over-cooked joints, the white bread and small supply of vegetables, the plain rice pudding, the glass of cold water and one or two small glasses of port or sherry that did duty on these occasions, could not have failed to strike them as resembling accurately the very same midday meal which they were in the habit of getting before their own children by the doctor's orders.

None but the most thoughtless will take any pleasure in reading the remarks published in several papers concerning the honesty of Fred Archer, the English jockey. It was a hard thing for Archer when Lord Falmouth announced his retirement. While constantly engaged in riding the horses of that high-minded turfman few dared to asperse Archer's honesty.

Jockeys against whom suspicion had been directed took service with our most reputable turfmen, and from that time there was very little room for charges against their integrity, nor, for that matter, was there any ground for it.

On the other hand, one or two very capable men of great reputation for straightforwardness have engaged with owners whose avocation brought them under suspicion, and as a consequence the jockeys have not escaped censure on more than one occasion.

I claim that a rider who takes employment under persons of doubtful reputations almost invites adverse criticism, more especially as turfmen of irreproachable standing would be glad to get them to sign contracts for a term of years.

It is my opinion Eph Morris and the retired cloth-dealer of Chicago, Saulson, should do as Teemer did, get mad with themselves and rush into print with an unqualified statement regarding what they know about the boating season of 1884.

I am certain it would be both interesting and racy, if truthful, and forever end all the discussion now going on as to the Teemer-Gaudaur races and the other gate affairs of 1884. The portion of the article bearing upon the Teemer-Ross race at the Pines should be entirely left with "Eph," who alone could do justice to it.

I firmly believe that the New York League baseball team will be one of the strongest teams in the National Association next season.

Judicious management on the part of Mr. James Murie should bring the championship here. It was lost last season by bad management.—[Exchange.] Judicious management will not go far toward winning the pennant, when there is continual discord in the team.

I have often wondered why a bar should be placed on a man's pocket-book or bank account, and why the law-makers should make statutes which prevent a man from doing what he pleases with his own money.

If a man desires to speculate on a horse-race, that is, wager a stipulated sum that a certain horse will win, why should he be prevented? He is not betting other people's money, but his own, and if he loses no one but himself suffers by the transaction.

How many would attend our great race meetings if it were not for the privilege they enjoy of backing either a winner or a loser?

A race between well-bred, fast horses is interesting and exciting, but far more so to those who have placed their money on a horse's chance of running first or second; and yet on nearly every race-course in this country, except New York, pool-selling and a modus operandi of betting is prohibited.

It is my opinion that the bill prohibiting pool-selling on the race-tracks is arbitrary and unfair, and it would be a capital plan for the Legislature this winter to repeal the bill and give the large racing corporations the opportunity to increase their purses and give more racing.

If such a move is made there will be great rejoicing all over the country, and it will help racing tenfold, especially in New York.

I frequently have to smile when reading the trash written by would-be prize ring historians, who know very little about pugilism or its followers, and yet have the assurance to write column after column of prize ring chronology which makes not only themselves, but the paper they write for, ridiculous.

In the "Tribune" published in Minneapolis, Minn., recently, I read a long article on Tom Allen, the champion pugilist of America in 1869 and 1870, in which it claims "Allen went back to England after being defeated by Joe Coburn."

I should like to know the date, time, place, seconds, time-keeper, umpires and referee of the Allen and Coburn fight. I have always prided myself on having the most complete and authentic record or chronology of any one in America, barring none, but I never knew until I read in the Tribune that Tom Allen and Joe Coburn ever fought as opponents, and yet both in their day were champions.

Again in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" I read an article on pugilists in which the writer pointed out "Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers as frightful examples of the misfortunes of boxers."

Now, everybody half posted is well aware that Billy Edwards is a sober, thrifty, industrious boxer who can boast of a bank account and holds a first-class position under Edward S. Stokes, in the Hoffman House in this city.

And to prove the absurdity of the would-be authority on prize ring ethics in reference to Chambers, I would state that the famous pugilist owns one of the largest sporting houses in Philadelphia, and it is estimated that he is worth \$75,000.

Now, if Edwards and Chambers are frightful examples of the misfortunes of pugilists there are many who would like to be infected the same way.

So much for incompetent prize ring historians.

I have heard, upon excellent authority, that the 3,000-point billiard match, played at Chicago on Nov. 19, 20 and 21, between E. McLaughlin and W. H. Cattin, was a failure financially. During the two nights and part of Sunday morning very few persons were present.

I think the only feature of the match was the big run McLaughlin made (942) on the first night of the game, which was the best run ever made in this country.

The best run ever before made in the United States was 804, made by McLaughlin at Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1883, in a match of 1,000 points, against J. R. Heiser. Outside of his big run McLaughlin's average was but 14%.

In Paris, April 11 and 12, in a match of 4,000 points, played in five nights, against George F. Slosson, Maurice Vignaux won 1,531. In the same match Slosson ran 1,103.

I think Richard Howell, the English champion bicycler, is making considerable capital by repeatedly issuing challenges to men's bicycle race against John S. Prince, the American champion, who has ridden 1 mile on a bicycle faster than any man in the world.

If Howell's challenges are not bungcombe why don't he put up a reasonable sum and arrange a contest? Prince is willing to race 1,000, Howell, De Clivry or Keen for \$500 a side, any distance inside of 10 miles. Prince pronounces Howell's statement that he offered to run him a "barney" totally untrue.

The facts in regard to the attempted deal in professional baseball appear to be that the negotiations reported of late have indeed taken place, but that President Young, of the League, has had no hand in them.

The latter, I understand, denies any knowledge of the scheme, and says that all his information has been derived from what he has read in the newspapers.

Now, I think that there is no doubt of President Young's veracity, and his statement confirms the belief that the scheme is a concoction of Mr. Lucas, whereby he hopes to become a powerful member of the League.

Now, what is strange about the matter is that the plan or scheme was not mentioned at the recent meeting of the League, and all the negotiations have been of an informal nature.

From the information I can glean the New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland clubs, with another not known, but doubtless either Chicago or Buffalo, have given Mr. Lucas encouragement in his plan. The final decision in the event even of an existing League club's withdrawal lies with the St. Louis Club, of the American Association, and, as every one already knows, this club is not averse to having a League member in its own city.

President Ven der Ahe has, it is understood, drawn up the following conditions, to which the Lucas Club must subscribe to obtain a membership in the League:

1.—That no Sunday games ever be played on their grounds.
2.—That the reinstatement of Dunlap, Shaffer, Howe, Sweeney, Gleason and Dolan never be asked.
3.—That the general admission charged be not less than fifty cents at any time.
4.—That the League permit the two clubs to play against each other before and after the League playing season.

To these conditions the League would cheerfully subscribe. Of this there can be no doubt.

I am certain this expose will create a sensation in sporting circles and fall like a bombshell among the numerous baseball clubs.

I understand Sir Richard Sutton, bart., the owner of the English yacht Genesta, has forwarded a challenge through J. Beaver Webb, the builder of the Genesta, to Charles A. Minton, secretary of the New York Yacht Club, in which he agrees to sail against any yacht in America for the America's cup.

The dash from the owner of the Genesta is not the only challenge. Lieut. W. Henn, of the Royal Navy, makes a bid for the prize with his new cutter, the Galatea. There is no doubt that the club will have more formidable champions to encounter this time than when the Madeline settled the pretensions of the Countess of Dufferin. The Genesta, at all events, although she only made her first appearance last summer, is already ranked among the crack cutters of England.

The Genesta is an 80-tonner and is in every respect a fine craft. During last season she won seven first prizes, eight second and two third, which brought her owner the neat sum of \$275, the yachts ahead of her in this respect being the 40-ton cutter Tara, the 68-tonner Marjorie and the yawl Lorna, 56 tons.

Now the America's cup has been retained in this country against all comers since 1851, when the yacht America won it at Cowes, Eng., and no matter how fast the Genesta and Galatea may be they will find out the yacht is not yet built to take it back to England, whence it came.

I understand that Lord Harris, the promoter of great cricket match schemes, has given notice of his intention to move at the meeting of the Secretaries of the County Cricket Clubs in England, "That in all cases where home and home matches are arranged between counties, the side that loses the toss in the first match shall have the choice of innings in the return match."

I think this rule would be a fair one and just the idea to stop delays and wrangles in games in this country.

I understand Charley Mitchell is doing a great challenging act, but it is nowhere near championship form.

At Buffalo he informed a reporter he could defeat anybody and everybody, and did not bar the king of pugilists, Sullivan. He styled Greenfield an old woman, and said he never fought a first-class man, and that the first one he meets will defeat him.

I understand that the backers of McLaughlin, the billiard champion, of Philadelphia, lost over \$1,000 by his defeat by Cattin at Chicago.

H. M. Dufur and Geo. W. Flagg, the wrestlers, have formed a combination for the purpose of giving wrestling exhibitions in rinks, public halls, etc., throughout New England.

If they have no better luck than the boxing combinations they had better disband before they go on the road.

I was surprised to hear that Herbert A. Slade, the Mori, was defeated in two rounds by Jack Brady, recently, at San Francisco.

Slade, instead of improving in form, must have made a retrograde movement.

It was a very unfortunate match for Slade, for he had just found some one who actually believed he would make a champion, and stood ready to back him against all comers for any amount.

The party I refer to is Patrick Greer, of San Francisco, who recently issued a challenge and said he was willing to back Slade against either Dominick McCaffrey, Charles Mitchell, Steve Taylor or any heavy weight, barring Sullivan, for \$2,500 a side.

It is doubtful if Greer will desire to back Slade right in the face of his defeat by Brady.

Beware of imitators. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best and only reliable sporting and sensational illustrated paper in America. All subscriptions and letters should be addressed to the proprietor, Richard K. Fox, Franklin square, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

D. L. A., Utica, Neb. No.
K. S. J., Quincy, Ill.—Yes.
Duryea, New York City.—No.

Pittsford, Burlington, Iowa.—Yes.

H. H. F., Terra Haute, Ind.—Thanks.

P. E. V., Lily, Dakota.—There is no official record.

B., Auburn, N. Y.—State what distance you mean.

W. J. S., Centralia, Pa.—Yes, if he desires to do so.

CONSTANT READER, Black Rock, Conn.—You make 2.

J. C. M., U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.—Yes.

E. S., Idaho Springs, Col.—Maud S. was foaled in 1874.

READER, Attica, Ind.—We have not the party's address.

READER, Colfax, Cal.—Ryan, 193 lbs.; Sullivan, 195 lbs.

A., Montana.—Send 10 cents and we will mail you the rules.

E. B. M., Warwick.—We published full vote in the last issue.

M., New Orleans.—There can be no comparison between the two.

J. H. M., Newark, N. J.—A claim to a sequence is correct, and A wins.

G. W. B., Boston, Mass.—Send 10 cents and we will send you rules.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—Do not know the author of the poem.

L. E., Cincinnati.—It is doubtful if any one can accomplish such afeat.

Z. W. D., Shady Side, Va.—Send \$5 and we will send you gloves, rules, etc.

MANY CITIZENS, Greenwood, Wis.—Send on the photo and sketch of J. H. M.

F. S., Denver, Col.—The song you refer to was never published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

W. H., Baltimore.—On Nov. 11, 1884, Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:06 at Lexington, Ky.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—Mike Cleary was born in Queens County, Ireland, in 1857.

C. F. B., Hot Springs, Ark.—We are not aware that there is such a journal published.

Powhatan, Norfolk, Va.—Which pedestrian race do you mean? Howell competed in several.

W. N. C., Ennis, Mont.—Write to the International News Company, 20 Beck street, New York.

W. S., Akron, Ohio.—We do not keep individual records of pedestrian of so little importance.

F. B., Prescott, Arizona.—The statistics were published in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

A. B. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Yes, if no objection is made; if not, after the other players receive their cards.

J. K. Y., Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.—Remain where you are and engage with some responsible business firm.

J. R. WILKINSON omits to send his post-office address, rendering it impracticable for us to comply with his order.

W. W., St. Louis, Tenn.—The origin of the phrase is defined in our "Slang Dictionary." Price by mail 30 cents.

E. G., Dodge County, Wis.—Yes. 2. John L. Sullivan's address is Mahogany Palace, Washington street, Boston.

W. A. H., Auburn, N. Y.—It is a question of veracity between you and Clarence Smith. He claims you were beaten.

B. W., Fort Montgomery.—Wm. Sexton made 77 points at cushion carroms in a 600-point game at New York, Dec. 29, 1881.

B. D. T., Duluth, Minn.—The chips are only good for drinks, unless the party issuing them agree to barter other goods for them.

G. S., Greenwich, N. Y.—Send \$5 and we will mail you the book, which is the only and authentic work on game fowl breeding.

D. M., Loomis, Mich.—Alderman Patrick Fitzgerald is champion pedestrian of the world. Have never heard of the party you mention.

CONSTANT READER must send his name and address to the advertising department before any attention can be paid to his request.

TAYLOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.—We have repeatedly stated in these columns that the Canadian concern you name was a fraud of the first water.

J. M., Oscoda, Mich.—1. Write to Tom Davis, care of this office. 2. If you can cover the distance you claim you should win a place.

A. W. A., Solomon City, Neb.—It is optional with the loser as to whether the size box he divides. Better not hold him to the quantity but quality.

P. G. McC., Lawrence, Kan.—1. James Cusick, of this city. 2. \$200 cents and we will forward you the "Life of John C. Cusick."

W. J., Toledo, Ohio.—The salary of the president of the American Baseball Association is \$2,200 per year, including the \$500 he



SARAH ALTHEA HILL-SHARON,

THE HEROINE OF THE GREAT SHARON SUIT WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN DECIDED IN THE LADY'S FAVOR.

Close to Her Father's Heart.

On one of the benches in the Tombs Police Court, last week, sat a young woman, poorly clad, with her arms around her little girl, a child four years old. Both looked sick and the mother careworn. Their faces were pale and pinched. The child held in her hand a crust of bread, which she made several efforts to break with her teeth; but the bread was either too hard or she was too weak to break it. The little one handed the crust to her mother. Mother and child had been begging. She had taken the child to court to have her committed to some institution, while she herself wished to enter the service of some family.

Long before the court business was over a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and looked inquiringly about. He saw the poorly-dressed woman and seemed to hesitate. Looking again at the mother he exclaimed:

"My God, is that my daughter! She looks like her."

The young woman rose and for a second gazed in blank astonishment at the man.

"Father!" she exclaimed, and fell fainting to the floor.

The child screamed, and Sergeant Cahill had the poor woman carried into his room, where she soon recovered herself.

The man gave his name as Rufus Stone, of No. 567 West Twenty-seventh street, and the sick woman was his lost daughter, Mrs. Kate Barry. She had married against the wishes of her parents and had been abandoned by her worthless husband.

When Kate Barry recovered sufficiently to speak with her father the interview was most affecting.

"Don't cry any more, Kate. Come home with me. I won't reproach you for the past, let that go with Barry."

The old man took his daughter with her child to a restaurant in Centre street, where he provided them both with a meal. He then took them to his own home in West Twenty-seventh street, where he said he would call all his friends and have an old-fashioned reunion.

Insulted at the Bridge.

A lady leaving the bridge at the Chatham street entrance one day last week called the attention of a bridge policeman to a middle-aged, bluff-looking man, dressed in a dark, heavy overcoat, who, she said, had talked insultingly to her. Other ladies came up, also, and told of insults they said the man had offered them. The man was arrested and taken before Justice Duffy, at the Tombs Court. He said he was Capt. Dederick Meyer, of 455 Fifth street, Brooklyn.

A young man from Lawyer Edward Hobbs'

office said that Capt. Meyer was a respectable man, and had in his pocket a letter of recommendation from Mr. Hobbs, who is chairman of the Republican Central Committee in Brooklyn. This letter spoke of Capt. Meyer's services for Blaine among the Scandinavians, and asked Mr. Michael Dady to do the best he could to assist him, as his commission business was very dull at present.

Capt. Meyer said he was on his way to deliver the note when he was arrested. He meant no insult to anybody, and could not recall anything he had done that need offend any one. Justice Duffy discharged him.

RECENT decisions in Illinois are to the effect that a liquor seller cannot shield himself behind the plea that he did not know his customer was drunk or a minor, but he must know that he is sober, or of age, as the case may be.



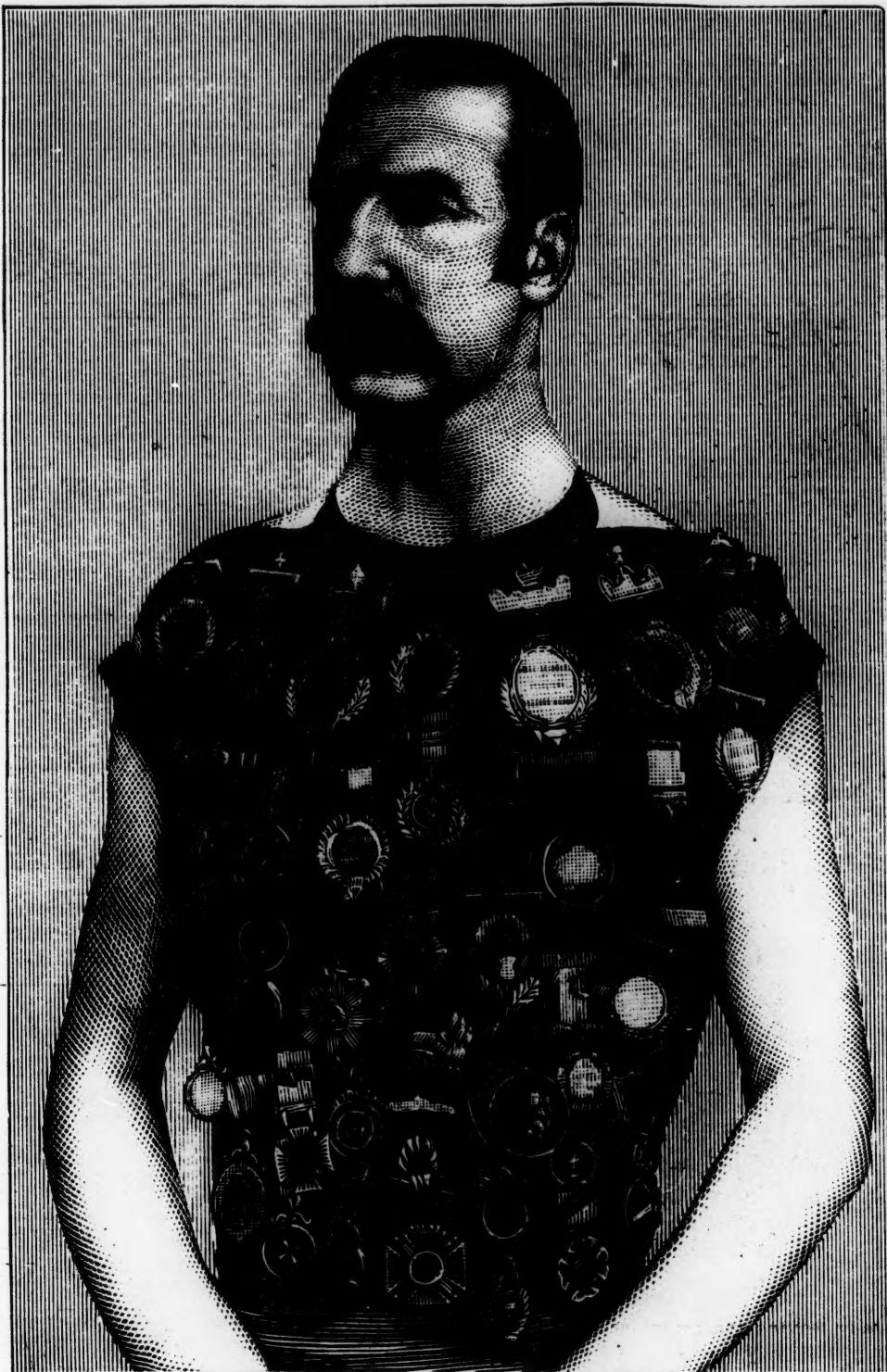
INSULTED AT THE BRIDGE.

HOW A PLUCKY LADY CAUSED THE ARREST OF A MAN WHO, SHE CLAIMED, INSULTED HER AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



SHE ELOPED WITH THE LOSER.

TWO PENNSYLVANIA LUMBERMEN SHOT AT A TARGET FOR THE HAND OF A YOUNG WOMAN AND SHE GIVES THE WINNER THE COLD SHAKE.



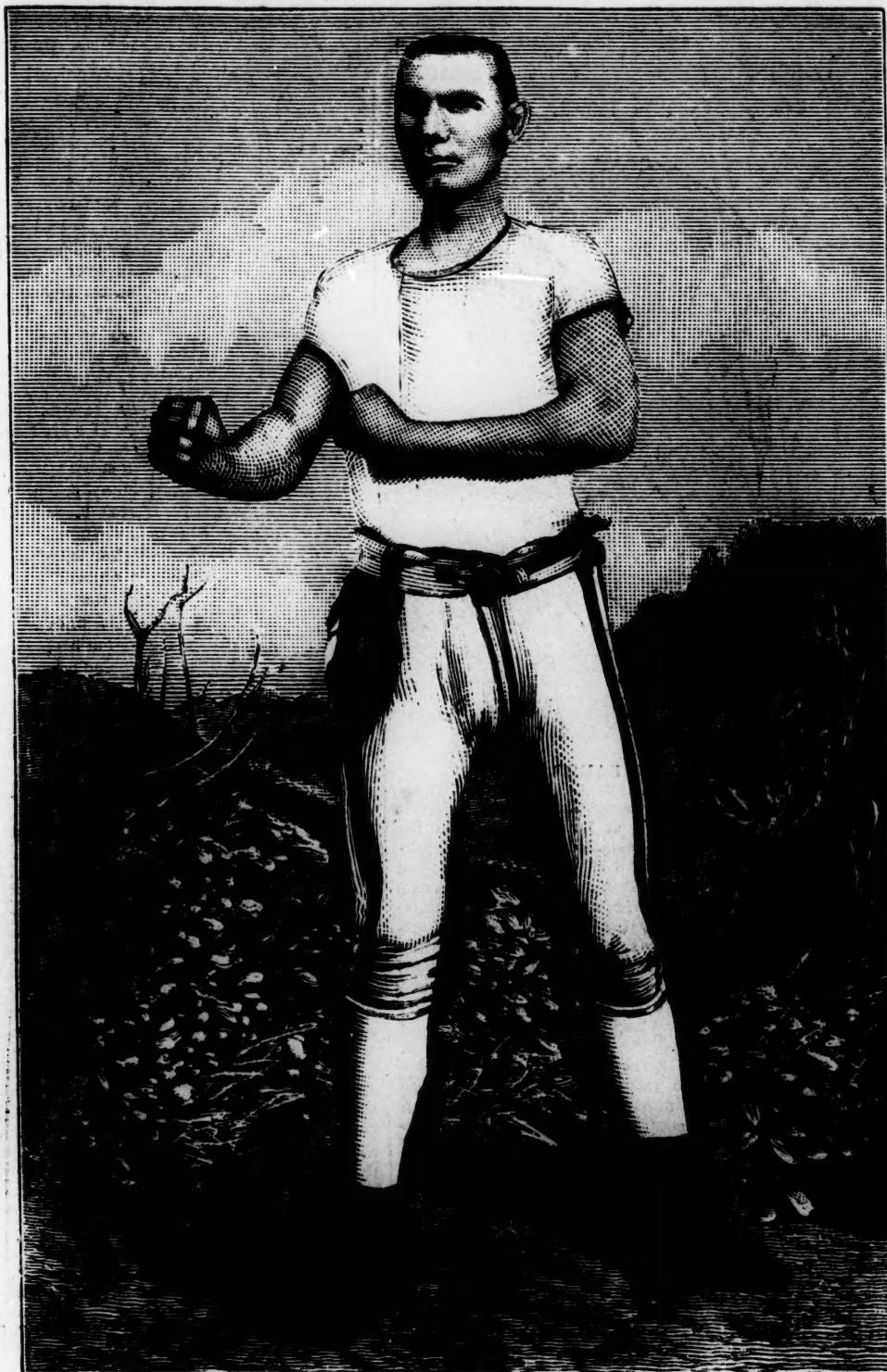
ALEXANDER D. STEWART,

CHIEF OF THE HAMILTON, CANADA, POLICE AND ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

Patrick F. McNally.

Patrick F. McNally, the Nebraska Hercules, champion heavy-weight pugilist of Nebraska, is twenty-three years old, 6 feet 1 inch in height

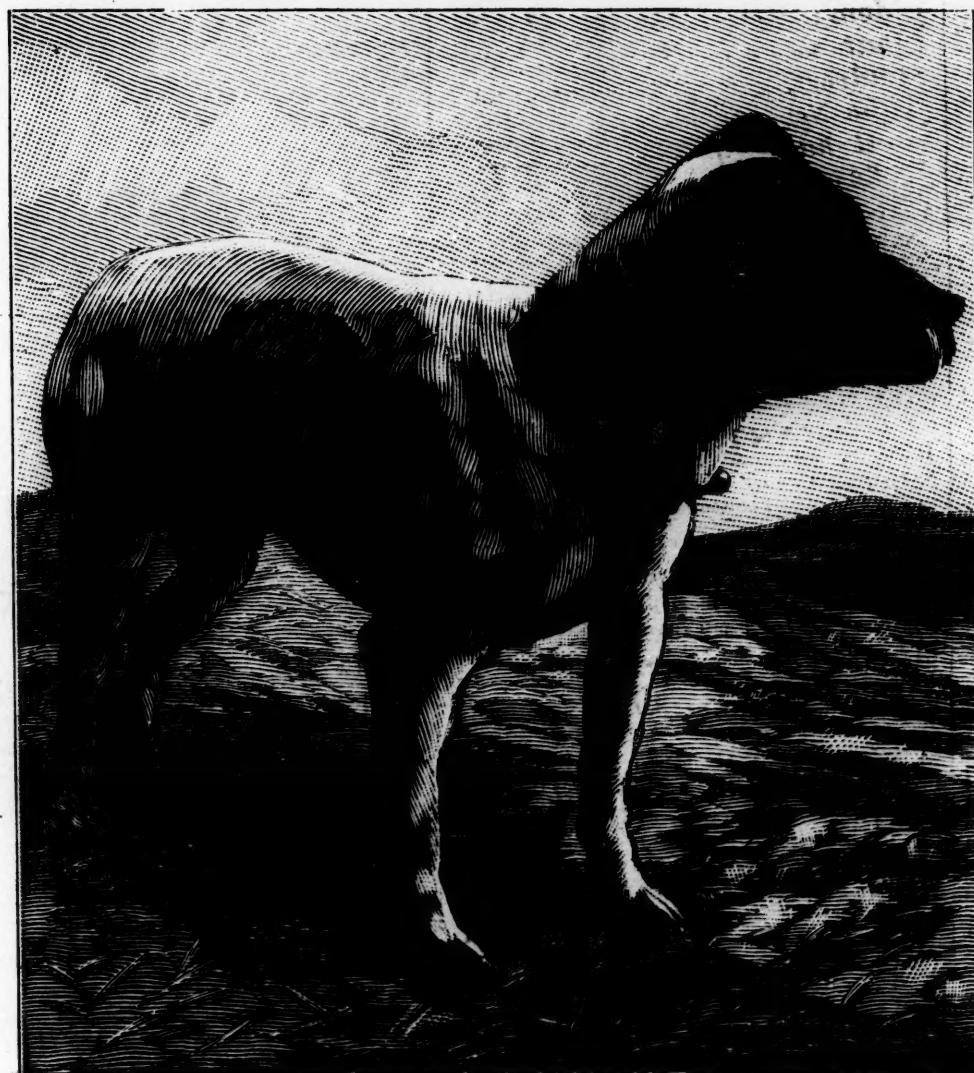
and weighs in condition 196 pounds. In a glove fight with Jim Perry, alias English Jim, at Kingsley, Iowa, Nov. 10, 1883, he knocked Perry out in the first round. The following month, at the same place, he fought Tom Allen, an Iowa



PATRICK F. McNALLY,

THE WONDERFUL HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF NEBRASKA.

pugilist, for \$50 aside, and won the fight in the second round. Time, 38 seconds. In January, 1884, he was matched against John Harpley, an Illinois knocker, and knocked him out in the fourth round. McNally is a modest, unassuming fellow and a general favorite with everybody. He is a quick, scientific sparer, full of grit and courage, and as a heavy hitter he will rank with the very best in the land. The sports in this county think he is a second Sullivan.



GIP,

A CELEBRATED 19-POUND FOX-TERRIER OF DETROIT, MICH.



VINCENT E. M. ANGELO,

LATE ST. LOUIS ATHLETE, DIED JULY 11, 1884.

BEFORE THE BAR.

Wine, Beer and Liquor Dealers' Gossip
and News.



JOHN BAUER.

Mr. Bauer, one of the youngest brewers and maltsters in the Union, was born at Louisville, Ky., in the year 1858, where his father started a brewery and malt-house many years ago, and after building up a most successful and lucrative business died in 1873, leaving his entire affairs to his widow and son John, whose portrait heads this column. By judicious management this young man has increased the business and built additions to the malt-house. At the Southern Exposition held at Louisville, 1883, Mr. Bauer was awarded the gold medal for the best display of brewers' and distillers' supplies, in which he does a large and active trade. Mr. Bauer is well known in the South for his enterprise and strict business integrity. He commands respect and esteem not only from his colleagues and patrons but from all with whom he comes in contact. He will, no doubt, have a long and prosperous career in the sunny country.

The latest in ladies' smelling bottles—Brandy.

Piety and punch work wonders in these cold days.

"We keep the world in good spirits" is the trade-mark of the Kentucky distillers.

St. John's son traveled all the way from New York to Kansas to vote against his daddy.

When a Prohibition President is elected a national salute will be fired through a hose-pipe.

"The votes of 150,000 asses side-tracked by St. John" is the way the Chicago Tribune puts it now.

The Ohio cranks will flood the Legislature this winter with petitions for a prohibitory amendment.

The visitors at the New Orleans Exposition take kindly to Kentucky blue grass whisky as a beverage.

The Cincinnati brewers are said to be cutting prices, owing to reductions made by Covington brewers.

The New York Police Commissioners will make another desperate effort to close saloons on Sundays.

Mr. C. H. Evans, of Hudson (N. Y.) Ale Brewery, is making extensive improvements, as his business is increasing to immense proportions.

St. John, of Kansas, and Saint Clarkson, the temperance fanatic, of Iowa, have fallen out and are calling each other hard names. It's the pot calling the kettle black.

The sheriff last week sold out the material of the Kansas Prohibitionist, at St. John's, Kansas. It was run by Martin Van Buren Bennett. Name enough to kill any organ.

Mr. K. G. Schmidt, of the K. G. Schmidt Brewing Co., Chicago, met with a grand reception and dinner on his return from Europe, from his many friends and employees.

The liquor dealers of Brooklyn subscribed hundreds of dollars to the orphans whose asylum was burned down recently and so many innocent lives lost. The Prohibitionists did not contribute one cent.

The United States internal revenue collections for the first four months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, were \$38,375,076, a decrease of \$2,623,794 as compared with the same period of the previous fiscal year.

By order of the city authorities every saloon in Abilene, Kansas, was closed a few Sundays ago. The dealers promptly gave expression to the general feeling against the officers of the law by draping their closed doors with heavy crepe.

A recent visitor to the Grande Chartreuse says that the liquors are not made in the monastery, but in a large stone edifice in the village. Four monks are regularly employed in the manufacture. On New Year's Day each monk receives a bottle of liquor.

Christian A. Goetz, George William Ernst, Henry L. Greenman, William Brown and Robertson C. Collins, directors of the Budweiser Brewing Company of Brooklyn, have filed with the County Clerk a certificate increasing their capital stock from \$160,000 to \$320,000 in 3,200 shares of the par value of \$100 each.

The Ohio cranks want their followers to sign their new cast-iron oath as follows: "We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to vote hereafter only for those candidates for public office who totally abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and who are pronounced for the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of the same."

A beautiful statue of Bacchus has recently been discovered in a hollow place beneath the staircase in the library at Hadrian's Villa, Rome. It represents the god, not as the coarse, dissipated old man, but according to his later aspect, as a beautiful, effeminate youth. It is singularly well preserved, the right hand only being missing. Its great beauty was at once recognized and casts were immediately made, one of which is at Berlin, another at Strasburg, and a third in the new Cast Museum of Sculpture at Cambridge, Eng.

The United States now ranks third in the list of beer-producing countries in the world. Although her breweries are few in number compared with those of other countries, she yet makes two-thirds as much beer as England, whose breweries are almost ten times as many. England is at the head of all beer-producing countries, with 27,000 breweries and a product of 990,000,000 gallons annually, while Germany, with 25,000 breweries, makes 900,000,000 gallons yearly. The United States, with only 3,000 breweries, makes about 600,000,000 gallons per annum. Then come France, with 3,000 breweries, and a production of 157,500,000 gallons, and Austria and Hungary, with 2,000 breweries, but a production of 280,000,000 gallons. Belgium has 1,250 breweries, which produced last year 210,250,000 gallons; Holland, 500 breweries, producing 34,000,000 gallons; Russia, 450 breweries, producing 8,000,000 gallons; Switzerland, 423 breweries, producing 13,500,000 gallons; Denmark, 250 breweries, producing 23,000,000 gallons; Sweden, 220 breweries, producing 21,000,000 gallons, and Italy, 150 breweries, producing only 4,000,000 gallons. Nearly 30,000 persons are engaged in brewing lager beer in the United States.

HORRIBLE, IF TRUE.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Atlanta, Ga., under date of Dec. 19, says:

"A terrible outrage is alleged to have been perpetrated on an innocent girl here last night, over which wild excitement prevails. Several months ago Mr. and Mrs. Cates, of Cincinnati, located in this city, and soon gained admission into a good class of society. They were joined a week or two later by Mr. Gustavus Penninger, of Chicago, who seemed to be a mutual friend. Mr. Cates was frequently absent in Florida, when Mr. Penninger was the protector of the wife. A month ago, for some reason not as yet explained, Cates drove Penninger away. Subsequently Cates went to Florida, and Mrs. Cates asked Miss Jackson, a beautiful young lady living in the next block, to spend the night with her. At 4 o'clock in the morning Miss Jackson was found at the door of her father's house in her night robes, uttering most piteous cries, and begging for admission. Her screams brought her father to the door, who was horrified to find his daughter in such a state. Throwing herself at his feet the poor girl crouched across the doorstep and begged that he would kill her, as she could never bear to see daylight in her shame. She then told a story of a revolting nature.

"She alleges that about 1 o'clock in the morning a rap came to Mrs. Cates' door. That lady, on finding that it was Penninger, admitted him, when, revolver in hand, he advanced to the bed, and by violence and threats succeeded in ravishing the girl right under Mrs. Cates' eyes. It did not appear that Mrs. Cates made any effort to give an alarm or save her friend, and the manner in which the outrage happened has given rise to the horrible suspicion that Miss Jackson may have been beguiled to her ruin. Penninger was arrested this morning, and is now in jail. He claims to have been drunk, and that he knows nothing whatever of the matter."

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT SEA.

[Subject of Illustration.] Capt. Jerry G. Park, of the ship Alert, which was burned at sea Nov. 14, has arrived in New York, and tells the following story of the disaster:

"The Alert," Capt. Park said, "sailed from New York on Oct. 25 for Shanghai with a cargo of 4,000 cases of oil, and a crew of eighteen persons, besides the captain's wife and child. All went well until the morning of Nov. 14, when the trade winds were lost, and heavy, threatening weather prevailed. About 10 A.M., when the rain was falling in torrents, a flash of lightning struck the fore royal mast, carrying it away to the yard, cutting some of the running gear, and taking a large piece out of the fore royal. The shock felled several men to the deck.

"A few minutes later smoke was seen coming from the fore-hatch, which was covered with turpentine. On lifting the hatch a suffocating smoke arose. I ordered water to be poured down the hatch. It was impossible for any one to get below the deck. The smoke soon drove the men from the hatch. I then ordered the hatches to be put on and caulked down, which was done in part, when they were blown off by an explosion, which threw the men to each side of the ship. Clouds of smoke filled the air and flames poured out.

"I then ordered the boats to be cleared away, and prepared to leave the ship. The crew were soon in the three boats, with some clothing and provisions. Soon after leaving, the ship was ablaze from end to end. At dark we made the boats fast astern of each other, and laid by the burning ship, hoping some passing vessel would be attracted by the light and come to our rescue. At 5 o'clock next morning a steamer's light was seen bearing down upon us. It proved to be the French steamer Compt d'Eau, Capt. Auguste Viel, from Havre for Pernambuco. He took us all on board and showed us much kindness, and did all that could be done for our comfort."

PANIC IN A PLAY-HOUSE.

[Subject of Illustration.] There was a serious panic Christmas evening at Bunnell's Museum, New Haven. The audience was a large one, packing the house in every part, including many ladies and children. An intoxicated man, who sat in the rear of the house, created a disturbance and was being ejected, when some one started a cry of fire.

The audience became alarmed, and in a moment a panic became inevitable. Men rose from their seats and screamed, while children cried and women in their fear fell in a faint. The alarm became general and there was a rush for the exits, many moving toward the stage and leaping into the orchestra. It was the usual scene enacted in a panic—the men losing their heads and each seeking only his own safety. The stronger pushed on regardless of the piteous appeals of the weaker in the race for freedom from danger. When the excitement was at its height Dale Armstrong, one of the employees, pushed his way to the middle of the house and in a loud tone of voice exclaimed:

"Keep your seats; there is no fire and no cause for alarm."

These reassuring words had no perceptible effect at first and for nearly two minutes pandemonium prevailed. In the midst of the excitement a newsboy leaped from the gallery, sustaining slight injuries, and the shrieks of women, crying, of children and the hoarse utterances of men made the scene one of horror. The manager and Mrs. Hollywood advanced to the front of the stage and made Herculean efforts to be heard. They gesticulated, called for order and finally made themselves heard. They assured the panic-stricken audience that there was positively no fire and that the false alarm had been started by an indiscreet spectator. This quieted the audience in a measure, and after a few moments of awful suspense quiet was restored.

TO BREWERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS AND HOTELS.

This column will be devoted to a DIRECTORY OF THE TRADE, containing name, business and address, for which a charge of \$2 per week will be made.

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MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

SUFFERERS FROM
Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is of a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), $\frac{1}{4}$ drachm.
Jerbubin, 1-2 drachm.
Helonias Diolca, 1-2 drachm.
Gelmin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiae amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q.s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p.m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The restorative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and it will continue for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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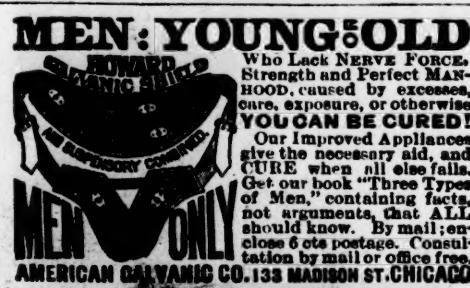
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